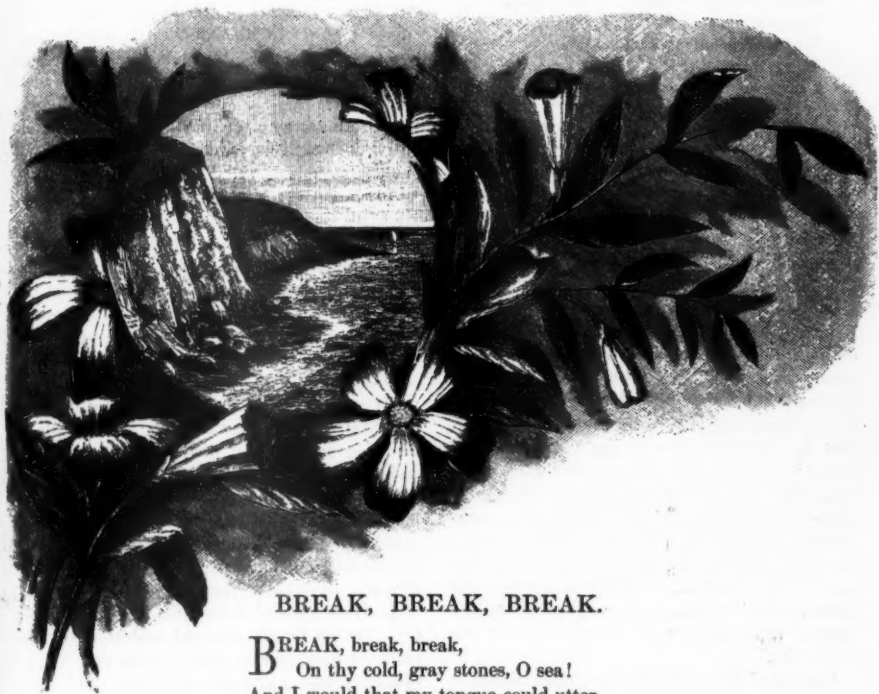


ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh! well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh! well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To the haven under the hill;
But oh! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HAROUN AL RASCHID, THE GREAT CALIPH.

BY H. M. GEORGE.

"Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underpropped a rich
Throne of the massive ore, from which
Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,
Engarlanded and diaper'd
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirred
With merriment of kingly pride,
Sole star of all that place and time,
I saw him, in his golden prime—
The Good Haroun al Raschid!"

TENNYSON.

THERE is no name more memorable in all the annals of sovereignty, or which appeals more powerfully to the imagination, than that of the great Caliph, Haroun al Raschid, the perpetual hero of the *Arabian Nights* tales. His name stands out amid the gloom and warfare of that age as that of the puissant Oriental Prince and lawgiver, and has come down to our own time linked with all the romance of a thousand years. He is the central figure of numberless anecdotes and humorous stories in Arabic literature, and such was the impression that he made in his own age and generation upon the European mind that Christian historians were proud to couple the name of their mighty Charlemagne with that of the potent infidel. We wish to look for a short time at the character and history of this remarkable man, whose fame as a monarch, as in some other notable instances, has received no slender support from the tongue and the pen of the story-teller.

Haroun al Raschid, more properly Harun er Rashid—"Aaron the Just"—was the fifth of the Abbaside Caliphs of Bagdad. His full name was Harun 'bn Mohammed ibn Abdallah ibn Mohammed ibn Ali 'bn Abdallah ibn Abbas. He was born at Ray the last day of Dhi 'l Heggah, 145 A. H., which corresponds with March 20th, 763 A. D. of our Christian calendar. His father, Al Mahadi, at his death in 785, bequeathed the caliphate to his eldest son, Al Hadi, on the condition that after his death the sceptre should descend to Haroun instead of being assumed in the hereditary order of succession.

Haroun suffered greatly from the ambition of his brother, who desired to get him put out of the way in order to pave the course for the succession of his own son. Such was Haroun's

apprehension for his safety that he offered a vow to Heaven that, if he escaped death and ever obtained possession of the throne, he would perform a pilgrimage to Mecca the Holy on foot. And this voluntary vow he carried out when the death of his brother placed the supreme power in his hands. He was the last monarch of the East by whom such a pilgrimage was undertaken.

Haroun owed his own succession to the throne almost wholly to the prudence and sagacity of Yahya 'bn Khalid ibn Barmek, subsequently famous as the Caliph's Grand Vizier. Yahya was then Haroun's secretary, and when Al Hadi conceived the idea of stripping his brother of his rights that official was the first to be approached. Al Hadi sent the secretary a present of twenty thousand *dinars* to win his good-will, and soon after at a visit began to approach the subject nearest his heart. The wise Barmecide, however, brought a very strong objection against the point in question.

"If you do so, Prince of the Faithful," said he, "you will set your subjects an example of breaking an oath and disregarding a contract, and other people will be bold enough to do the same. But if you leave your brother Haroun in possession of his title of heir-apparent and appoint your son Jaaffer as next in succession to him, it will be much more likely to secure his ultimate accession to the throne."

Al Hadi allowed the matter to rest for some time, but at length paternal ambition got the better of him, and he again summoned Yahya into his presence and consulted him. This time the secretary urged that if the Caliph should die while Jaaffer was yet a child the chiefs of the imperial family would never recognize the validity of his succession. Al Hadi having admitted the truth of this, Yahya continued:

"Renounce, then, this project in order the better to arrive at the consummation of your desires. Even if your father, Al Mahadi, had not appointed Haroun to succeed you, it would be policy on your part to do so, inasmuch as that is the only way to insure the continuance of the caliphate in the family of the Beni Hashem."

Al Hadi's sudden death in the year 786 was the only thing, however, that saved Haroun, as he had already given orders for his brother's execution when his own end came. Most his-

torians believe that the Barmecide's own ambition was a prominent agency in this event, and that Al Hadi did not die a natural death.

Haroun al Raschid was comparatively a young man—only twenty-two years old—when he ascended the throne; but his name had already been rendered famous by his achievements as a leader of his father's armies against the Greeks, whose Empress had been forced to pay an annual tribute to the Caliph. His military talents were speedily called into requisition to preserve the limits of the empire.

"Eight times," says Gibbon, "he invaded the territories of the Romans; and as often as they declined the payment of the tribute they were taught to feel that a month of depredation was more costly than a year of submission. At last, however, in 803, the able but perfidious Nicephorus succeeded his mother Irene; and he immediately demanded restitution of all the sums the Empress had paid.

The embassy that made this demand very insultingly laid at the Caliph's feet a bundle of Greek swords, as if to intimate what the alternative would be should Haroun refuse. But the Caliph smiled at the menace, and ordering the swords fixed erect in the earth, drew his cimeter, a weapon of historic renown, and at one stroke shivered every one of them without turning the edge of his highly tempered blade. He then dictated this epistle of tremendous brevity:

"In the name of the Most Merciful

God, Haroun al Raschid, Commander of the Faithful, to Nicephorus, the Roman dog:

"I have read thy letter, O thou son of an unbelieving mother! Thou shalt not hear, thou shalt behold, my reply."

He immediately traversed and ravaged a part of Asia Minor, laid siege to Heraclea, brought Nicephorus to acknowledge himself a tributary, and retired triumphant to his favorite palace of Racca on the Euphrates. The peace being violated three years afterward, he marched, in the dead of winter and at the head of one hundred and thirty-five thousand men, defeated Nicephorus in Phrygia in a battle in which the Greek Emperor was severely wounded and forty thousand of his subjects were slain. Again the tribute was refused, and Haroun returned in 808, with

three hundred thousand men enrolled under the black standard of the Abbasides, desolated the empire almost to Constantinople itself, devastated the islands of Rhodes, Cyprus, and Crete, and imposed a humiliating treaty on Nicephorus.

But it is not so much as a warrior as an administrator and patron of art and literature that Haroun al Raschid is famous. In his work of internal administration he was largely aided by his Vizier, the wise Yahya, who was one of the ablest ministers that ever exercised power in the Orient. He was eloquent, wise, accom-



HAROUN AL RASCHID.

plished, and prudent. His generosity was munificent in the extreme, and gained for him universal encomiums. With a most affable demeanor and great moderation, he combined an imposing dignity that commanded general respect. A large part of the administration in time devolved upon the minister, and he performed his duties with the most consummate ability and judgment. At no time was the caliphate so extensive and powerful as under Haroun, and his reign is esteemed the golden era of the Mohammedan nations. His splendid palaces, his numerous guards, his treasures of gold and silver, the populousness and wealth of his cities, and the elegance and refinement of his court, formed a striking contrast to the rudeness and poverty of the Western sovereigns of the same age. And in the farthest

limits of that extensive empire justice was attended to in all its details, and, as in the realm of the fabled Hwang-te, the humblest woman or child could travel scathless from one end to the other—from Samarcand to Tarsus and from sea to sea.

It was during the reign of Al Raschid that art and science were first the objects of royal patronage in Arabia—a country which his talents elevated to a very high degree of civilization from the state of semi-barbarism in which he found it. It was remarked of him that, whenever he built a mosque, he never failed to build a school in addition to it; and, like all great monarchs, his love of learning was only equalled by his respect for its votaries. No Caliph ever gathered round him so great a number of learned men, poets, jurists, grammarians, cadis, and scribes, to say nothing of the wits and musicians who enjoyed his patronage. Haroun, himself, was an accomplished scholar and an excellent poet. He was well versed in history, tradition, and poetry, which he could always quote on appropriate occasions; he possessed exquisite taste and unerring discernment, and his dignified demeanor made him an object of profound respect to high and low.

A great warrior, a patron of learning, a moderate and wise lawgiver, and the generous and paternal prince, it is not wonderful that among his countrymen his name should be even yet revered, and the title bestowed on him should be that of "the Just." Though a strict Moslem, he was no persecutor of other religions.

At the head of one of the universities which he established was a Christian. Jews, Christians, and Moslems were alike appointed to places in his government, and learned men, of whatever nation or faith, were welcomed at his court.

Many stories are recorded illustrative of the justice and the mildness of the Caliph, and many a nineteenth century ruler might take a lesson from the conduct of the learned and puissant Moslem in his generous treatment of his subjects. He lived in rude, uncivilized days; but at his court science and art shone refulgent, and the petition of his humblest subject did not fall heedless on the Caliph's ear. During one of the frequent insurrections that disturbed the early part of his reign, he was one time marching at the head of his army through one of the disturbed provinces. The army camped at one place, when a poor widow came out from one of the huts near them, threw herself at Haroun's feet, and demanded reparation for some injuries which had been done to her property by the Saracenic soldiery. The Caliph, probably, was not feeling very pleasant toward the people of

the district, who had caused him so much trouble.

"Woman," said he, "is it not written in the Koran, 'When princes march in arms through a country they desolate it?'"

"True, Commander of the Faithful," replied the woman, promptly; "but I have read in the same book these words: 'The houses of princes shall be desolate, because of the injustice they commit.'"

Haroun was conquered, and he generously acknowledged it by ordering immediate reparation to be made to the woman for the injuries she had sustained from the rapacity of his soldiers.

His eldest son, El Amin, who subsequently succeeded him on the throne, came to him one time and violently demanded justice against a courtier, who had dared to traduce and calumniate the prince's mother in the hearing of many bystanders. Haroun inquired of him what kind of "justice" he required.

"Vengeance," answered El Amin. "Give me his life."

"Go," said the Caliph, "learn that any man may demand vengeance for an offense; to pardon it is the only revenge worthy of a prince like you."

This kind of retaliation did not, however, suit the prince's inclination, and he still clamored for some severe measure of justice against the offender.

"Be it so," said Haroun, "if you insist on absolute vengeance, go and be revenged. But your vengeance must not exceed the offense. Call around you the men who listened to the offender's calumnies, and in their presence speak of his mother in the same terms as he has spoken of yours. This is the punishment I decree for him."

The mild and temperate reign of El Amin shows that that prince fully received the benefit of his father's training.

The only stain on the character and reign of Haroun was the extirpation of the generous, perhaps the innocent, Barmecides. The vast power and wealth which that family had gathered into their hands doubtless aroused the Caliph's jealousy, and when Jaaffer, the son of the Grand Vizier, dared secretly to marry his sister, Abassa, against his express commands, the usually mild and humane Haroun was made cruelly indignant. He immediately ordered Mesrour, his executioner, to bring him Jaaffer's head. Jaaffer's coolness commands our admiration, and his obedience at any other time would have won his master's forgiveness. When the Caliph's command was announced to him, without showing any emotion, he said to Mesrour:

"Perhaps the Caliph is heated with wine, or it is possible you misunderstood him; go back and tell him you have executed his order. If he be sorry for it, I shall still be alive; if not, my head is always ready."

Mesrour being hardly satisfied with this expedient, Jaaffer accompanied him to the door of Haroun's apartment, and said:

"Go in and tell him you have brought my head and left it at the door."

Mesrour consented. He delivered his message; the Caliph speaks:

"Bring the traitor's head before me."

The unfortunate man prepared himself for death, the executioner's sword flashed through the air, and the next moment the gory head lay before the Caliph's eyes.

Haroun must have been terribly offended, for not satisfied by Jaaffer's fate he ordered his father, the Grand Vizier, and two unoffending younger brothers to be imprisoned, and left them to perish miserably. It is a sad story, but as showing any particular atrocity on the part of Haroun we cannot see it. He must have felt justified, either on the ground of self-preservation or on that of equity, in punishing those of the highest rank and dearest friendship for a crime he would not have excused in inferior persons. He may have erred, but we think that he was excusable.

After the fall of the Barmek family the office of Prime Minister was exercised by Fadhl ibn Rabi, who had been Chamberlain to Haroun himself, and to his predecessors, Al Mansour, Al Mahadi, and Al Hadi. He held the office of Vizier until the death of Haroun al Raschid himself, which occurred at Tus, the birthplace of the celebrated Persian epic poet Firdousi.

Haroun died in 809 A. D. He may be said

to have fallen a victim to one of the ignorant superstitions of the age. One night, when on the eve of a military excursion to Khorassan, a Persian province then in a state of revolt, the Caliph dreamed that he saw a naked hand and arm raised in the air above his head, the hand holding a lump of red earth, and that he heard at the same time an unearthly voice exclaim: "Behold the earth that shall serve as the last resting-place of Haroun al Raschid." It seemed to him that he gathered courage enough to ask from what territory that earth had been taken, and the same awful voice replied, "From the land of Tus."

The circumstance made a great impression on the Caliph's mind, and when, during his march to Samarcand, he experienced a slight illness on the way, on being told that the town's name where he was encamped was Tus, he immediately relinquished all hope of recovery, and died three days afterward, meeting death with the calm resignation of a philosopher. He was only forty-five years of age, and had reigned but twenty-three.

Thus lived and died Haroun al Raschid, with all his faults the greatest of Eastern sovereigns—a man the most remarkable of any of whom the history of his time has commemorated. The generous hero of the *One Thousand and One Nights* is the same true, humane, enlightened prince in the true annals of his reign, but of his incognito walks through Bagdad, the authentic histories say nothing, and the beautiful "Zobeide," the charming heroine of popular tales, may be the invention of the story-teller. Even the account of his relations with Charlemagne, of which European historians speak, does not rest on a trustworthy basis. Yet these tales all go to prove the matchless celebrity of his fame.

IN MEMORIAM.

GRIEF has not many words to speak itself,
Its silence is its sign;
And yet I fain would bring my humble wreath
Unto thy burial shrine.

Such sweetness as it has belongs to thee
Who gave it strength to bloom,
And meet it is to lay it lovingly
Upon thy silent tomb.

Accept it thus, revered and honored dead,
My roses and my rue;
My roses incense from a grateful heart,
My cypress for *Adieu*!

FAUSTINE.

THE VICTORIA REGIA.

WE present our readers with a beautiful engraving of the queen of all water-lilies, the famous *Victoria regia*, of South American rivers. As will be seen, it closely resembles our native pond-lily (*Nymphaea*), but is much larger. A full-grown leaf of the *Victoria* often measures from six to twelve feet in diameter, while the flowers average eighteen inches, with petals from seven to ten inches in length. But it is distinguished from the other water-lilies by certain peculiarities in its structure, apart from its gigantic size. The perfectly developed leaf is characterized by an upturned

a most delicious perfume. The pod contains an edible seed, to which the natives of tropical South America give the name of *Mayz de l'Agua*, or corn of the water. The plant they call *Trupe*, meaning, literally, water-platter.

The first mention of the plant is made in 1803 by Hænke, a botanist sent out by the Spanish Government to explore the Amazon. During the next forty-two years it was seen by European travelers but five times—by Bonpland in 1819–20, by Orbigny in 1827, by Poppig in 1832, by Schomburgk in 1837, and by Thomas Bridges in 1845. Several reasons may



edge, like the border of a salver. The flowers consist of several rows of petals, of which the exterior resemble sepals, while the interior gradually change to stamens—the centre is peculiar on account of the button-like seed vessel. In color the leaves are a rich purple on the under surface, a delicate green on the upper, so that both surfaces, displayed upon the water, present as fine an appearance as the blossoms. These latter are pure white in the principal petals, with outer ones of deep purple and inner of rose pink—the whole corolla changes to pink and yellow as it expands. About three days are required for a flower to open, after which it soon withers away. While blooming, it exhales

be cited to explain why so little could be learned of this wonderful plant. To begin with, it is undoubtedly very rare, and then navigation of South American rivers is difficult and dangerous. But the strangest reason of all is that, unlike the majority of floral marvels, this plant seems to be the object of no superstitious reverence whatever; its near relatives, the lotus of Egypt and the East Indian lotus, far inferior in loveliness, were, as we know, considered the abodes of deities. On the contrary, the simple-minded natives of the regions in which the *Victoria* grows look upon it as quite an every-day object, and never think of speaking of it unless questioned, so that, in this

way probably, many an enthusiastic traveler has missed his heart's desire.

Mr. Bridges, in 1846, succeeded in obtaining seed, which was the first that germinated in Europe, although D'Orbigny and Bonpland had made the attempt before him, and Schomburgk had tried to carry the living plant to England. From the seed forwarded by Bridges two plants were started, but they died the following year. In 1849 Dr. Hugh Rodie and Mr. Lachie, of Georgetown, Demerara, sent to the Kew Gardens, London, a number of seeds inclosed in phials of pure water, from which were successfully produced the first Victorias grown under cultivation. A special conservatory was made for the purpose.

The first plant grown in the United States was on the premises of Caleb Cope, at Holmesburg, Philadelphia, in 1851. In 1852 Mr. J. F. Allen procured seed from Mr. Cope, and successfully reared the Victoria in a tank in a grape-house. Mr. Allen's plant lived until 1855, during which he studied it carefully and wrote his beautifully illustrated work, which, with Spruce's description in 1849, has given us nearly all the accurate information that we possess upon the subject. The exquisitely colored plates in Mr. Allen's book are considered the best in existence.

A specimen of the Victoria was exhibited in Philadelphia during the Sanitary Fair. In 1880 a very fine one was displayed in the Water Lily House, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. There is, or was until recently, a Victoria in the conservatory of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. These are the principal instances in which, until late years, the plant was successfully grown in this country. At best, the Victoria is short-lived; furthermore, it is very difficult to rear, on account of the care and cost required to keep up an artificial tropical temperature.

Two or three years ago a florist of Bordentown, N. J., excited the attention of all enthusiastic horticulturists by announcing that he had successfully cultivated the Victoria in the open air. The tank in which it was placed was supplied with warm water in pipes from a steam-engine. Mr. Charles H. Miller, the landscape gardener of Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, has been conducting a series of experiments in the same direction. The tank is ready in the Horticultural Gardens, and it will be supplied by heated water from Horticultural Hall. Next summer, in all probability, this rare floral wonder will be displayed there in full sight of everybody who chooses to feast upon its regal charms.

TO BLOSSOMS.

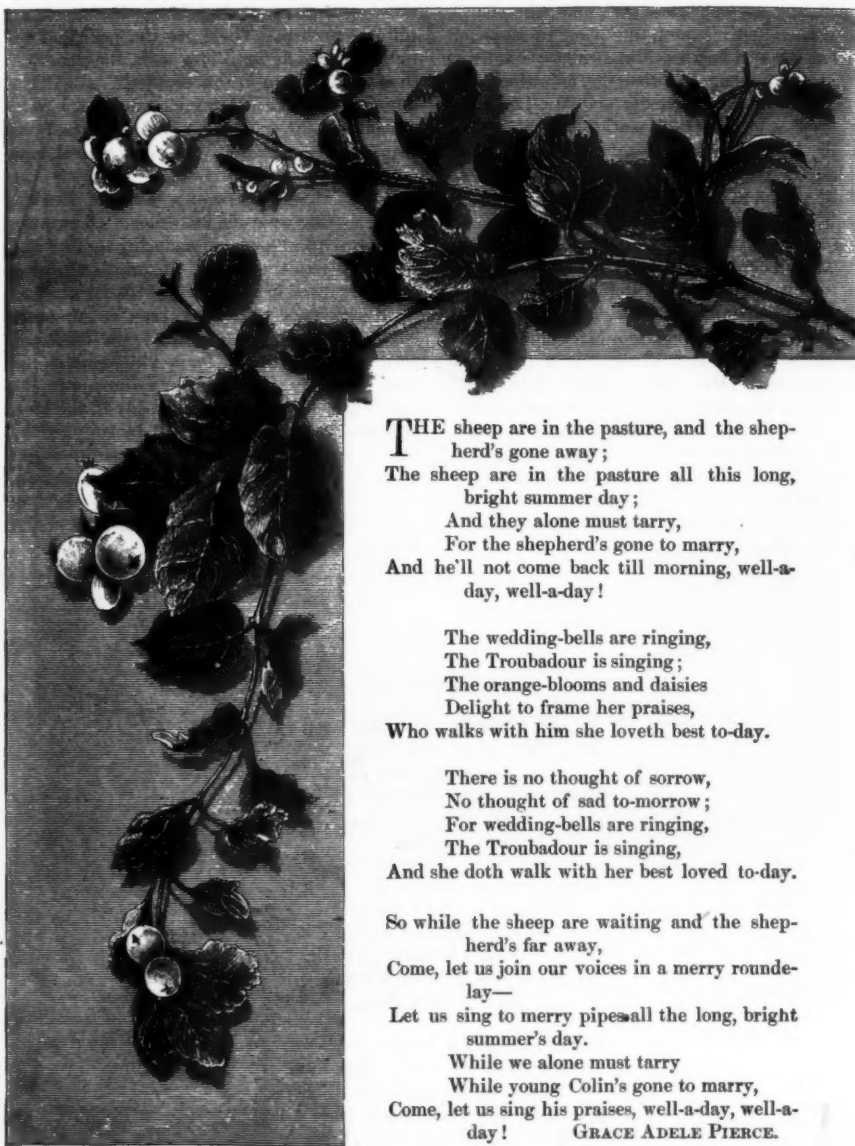
FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And, after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK.

INDUCTION TO AN ANTIQUE WEDDING-SONG.



THE sheep are in the pasture, and the shepherd's gone away ;
The sheep are in the pasture all this long,
bright summer day ;
And they alone must tarry,
For the shepherd's gone to marry,
And he'll not come back till morning, well-a-day,
well-a-day !

The wedding-bells are ringing,
The Troubadour is singing ;
The orange-blooms and daisies
Delight to frame her praises,
Who walks with him she loveth best to-day.

There is no thought of sorrow,
No thought of sad to-morrow ;
For wedding-bells are ringing,
The Troubadour is singing,
And she doth walk with her best loved to-day.

So while the sheep are waiting and the shepherd's far away,
Come, let us join our voices in a merry roundelay—

Let us sing to merry pipes all the long, bright
summer's day.

While we alone must tarry

While young Colin's gone to marry,
Come, let us sing his praises, well-a-day, well-a-day !

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.



A FAREWELL.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and
gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things—not dream them all day
long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

MY FIRST PATIENT.

By M. ARTHUR.

EVERY one who knows it at all is sure to say at once what a pretty town Cronmel is; and everybody in Cronmel knows that of all its pretty streets Linden Avenue takes the palm. I should call it Chestnut Avenue, rather; for it seems to get its name of "Linden" from rows and rows of sturdy, clustering, shady chestnut-trees, that make the chief beauty of the street.

I was somewhat vain, myself, of an additional decoration that I had contributed by way of ornament under the massive shade of those boughs. To tell you about this, I must say:

"Backward—turn backward, O time! in your flight."

Don't be scared—gentle, fair, or sleepy reader—I am not going to the far back years to tell what an infant phenomenon I was; how I learned the names and magnitudes of all the planets before I took solid food; about my good, better, and best behavior in church while still in petticoats; the color of my hair and eyes at six, eight, eleven, and so forth.

It would really—in my case—be very interesting; for I have been quite a remarkable baby, child, and young man; but you might put down my simple narrative before you fully found it out.

I only want to explain that, finding my active brain would never rest contentedly under the tread-mill monotony of a clerkship in a wholesale grocery store, which my good father procured for me at seventeen, I asserted my own will at nineteen in selecting the noble profession of medicine as a future career, and was sent to college to study for that end. My exceeding ability to acquire readily made my father hope great things for me and feel sure I would adorn the profession I had selected for myself.

I graduated (I say it modestly) with honors, and, having gained the right to benefit the human family, I looked round for a field of labor and the means of letting my fellow-creatures know I was ready to begin. I selected Cronmel because there were less than three doctors to the square mile, and Linden Avenue, because it was my nature to require beautiful surroundings; and then, having settled on my abiding place, I went to work—heart and soul, mind and brain—to get the most complete, correct, and perfect thing by way of a professional sign. This was the ornament I alluded to before. Four times I had changed the lettering, six

times the text. At first I decided on a gold background, but it looked so gaudy by gaslight—although under the sombre gloom of the chestnut-trees it glowed a cheerful bit of brightness. But my final decision had been a plain black ground, with tall, slender gilt letters looming up brightly, but not *too* strikingly. I had moved it seven or eight times, till I had found the most perfectly perfect position for it to rest in. There it was:

"DR. GRIMES,

"OCULIST,

"Office Hours, { From 10 to 12;
 " 3 to 5."

No one passing, looking only on the cold, polished surface of that sign, could guess how much brain-power its compilation and completion had cost its owner; but it was well worth all the trouble it cost me; and such pleasure did I take in looking on its beauty that, if I came home late and could feel sure my neighbors were asleep, I would light match after match, as I rubbed it up with a piece of chamois-skin that I carried in my pocket for that very purpose.

I had been in my office four days and was beginning to feel rather blue over the fact that my slim, elegant gilt letters had as yet attracted no patients. But I had been told of great lights in my profession who, at first, had waited even longer for a beginning. So I must amuse myself till my fame came and the rush of patients began to crowd on me.

I had found some pleasure in watching a very pretty neighbor of mine, who seemed to delight in a number of useless pigeons, from my window. I could see Miss Aldine give her silly pets their breakfast, dinner, and supper, and, as the birds fluttered round the happy, youthful, graceful figure, I quite enjoyed the meats that were never intended to give me pleasure. There! that was her call again, and, in spite of having called myself "a mean, inquisitive spy" several times a day, I was at the window again, as the birds fluttered down to take the offered food from the pretty hand of Miss Aldine. Dear, dear, I thought, as I watched her—thermometer at twenty, no wrap on those sloping shoulders, no covering on that golden head—she will have pneumonia, dead sure, with little hope of recovery. But—and I pulled myself back in a

quick desire to warn her of danger to come— if every one did regard the common-sense laws of health, where would doctors get their living?

about to forfeit my first chance of a case by urging precaution, instead of waiting to cure the trouble when it came. I *was* sorry the first



"WHO SEEMED TO DELIGHT IN A NUMBER OF USELESS PIGEONS."

I was so bitterly feeling already that I had selected such a miserable, healthy neighborhood, with such a prudish set of people in it, that it seemed as if even old age kept fresh and green at the other side of fourscore; and here was I

victim had to be so pretty; but that was her fault, not mine at all.

Each time the birds were called Miss Aldine's voice caught larger game; for as the days went by, I found it more and more impossible to keep

away from the very pretty living picture I always found at my window.

A sort of excitement entered into my pleasure also. I felt sure Miss Aldine knew that two eyes were feasting on her birds' repasts, and once two timid, liquid-brown eyes were raised to my window, as a stray dove lighted on my shutter. The spell of their sweetness was too much for me; professional prudence flew to the winds. I leaned out and told my only prospective patient that her health required more care than she was bestowing on it.

"You are very kind," she said, in just the voice I was sure belonged to such a face—"very kind. I will be more careful in future."

And she was; and I still went on watching her, day after day, and, somehow, I felt that she knew I did; but pretty, timid blushes and some faint smiles were all she gave me through the many long, dreary days when my sign brought me no patients. I wondered if a gold background would have proved more successful.

One day I was told that there was a visitor in my office asking for my services. I was faint with suppressed hopes as I went forward to meet my first patient.

Reader, it was Miss Aldine. Never in her garden had she looked half so beautiful as now, nor half so lovely, as, blushing, trembling, with unshed tears in her eyes—such eyes!—she held up to me a blind dove and said:

"Dr. Grimes, my poor pet has met with such a misfortune. Do you think you can help it to be able to see?"

I was sure of one thing. I was going to try. I felt her little hand all cold with the trouble of the bird. As she gave it to me it really trembled, poor little girl! I would surely do my very best for her.

For days I visited my "first patient;" for nights I read up all that seemed to touch on its case; for weeks I was baffled; there was no sign of external violence, but the bird was as surely deprived of sight as if the organ of vision had never existed; it seemed uninjured except as to its eyes; even its nerves were quite firm; not one bit shattered by the shock—whatever it was that had taken away its sight; otherwise it was in good condition—a happy, healthy bird, as well able to take care of itself as if the necessity for feeling its way had been born with it. It was marvelous that so strong a bird should be deprived of sight, and yet no other sign of any shock be left. I soon found that (though well endowed with both skill and knowledge) I was still unable to restore sight to Miss Aldine's pet, and I was obliged to confess my inability. To my surprise, the tender-hearted mistress of the

dove burst into tears and begged me to "try a little longer."

In my entire experience I had never met any one who seemed so truly to feel for the misery of dumb creatures as did this beautiful girl, and it grieved me beyond measure to confess myself entirely baffled.

In giving up my little patient, Miss Aldine—as a reward for my devoted attention to it, I suppose—asked me to come sometimes to call on it, and I did go quite often, as my want of practice still permitted a good deal of freedom from duty at my office; and in time she learned to expect me seven days out of the week.

So the wintry days danced by, and spring-time was turning into golden-hearted summer. One morning I was at my window looking into her garden, when Miss Aldine appeared all in the glory of some *pink halo* sort of a garment; her loose, golden hair seemed to melt into the soft pink dress, and her sweet little mouth lit up the garden with the lovely smile that played about it. I watched her graceful movement along the path. A fountain tempted her to rest on its curb. As she sat playing with the flowers she had gathered in her walk, I fancied she stole a shy, happy glance at the window, where she must have known that Dr. Grimes spent most of his time behind the curtains.

That glance was entirely too much for me; only waiting to change my cravat and smooth down a stubborn lock of hair, I was at her side in a moment, coaxing, pleading, urging, loving.

Most of you know pretty much what I said, and how successful it proved you must guess by my calling from my window the very next day (when, after a pretty long night rain, the garden was all sparkling with wet jewels) and Miss Aldine imprudently came out in thin slippers (I think to look up at my window), "Rhoda! child, you imprudent, heedless girl, go in at once and change your shoes."

I think the sun seldom shone on a prettier bride than my Rhoda; and (by some) the groom was not considered bad looking, either. I think I may quite honestly say we were a handsome pair.

Before our marriage, the dove which had brought us together overate itself and fell a victim to its greediness. I had the bird stuffed in honor of the happiness it had helped to bring about.

One evening, as we sat at home by the cozy firelight, saying to one another the little nothings that prove so entertaining when love is in the room, I pointed to the stuffed dove, which held a place above our book-case.

"Dear Rhoda," I said, "how grateful I shall always feel to my first patient." I felt her little

hand slipping into mine, and by the firelight, saw a flickering smile dawn on my wife's face.

"Dick," she said, softly, "your first patient wasn't a dove, it was a goose; and the trouble was of the heart, not the eyes. Listen, Dick, dear boy; don't scold, but—but I played a trick on you. I was so miserable, and I was sure I would never get well if I didn't do it. I was fond of you, Dick, from the first moment I

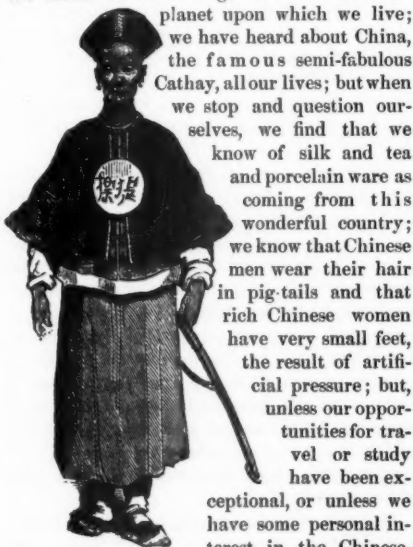
saw you at that window, and I was so afraid I might never be able to know you any other way, for I couldn't go and say, 'Doctor Grimes, I am dying for love of you, please save me.' So I took my poor old pet that was *born* blind six years ago. It is true you couldn't cure him—but I feel better, I thank you."

I did not scold Rhoda—I kissed her instead. How could I scold my "first patient"?

SOMETHING ABOUT CHINA.

BY M. B. HARVEY.

THE figure of the Chinaman before us naturally suggests the query, How much do we know about China? True enough—how much? We think we know a great deal about this



planet upon which we live; we have heard about China, the famous semi-fabulous Cathay, all our lives; but when we stop and question ourselves, we find that we know of silk and tea and porcelain ware as coming from this wonderful country; we know that Chinese men wear their hair in pig-tails and that rich Chinese women have very small feet, the result of artificial pressure; but, unless our opportunities for travel or study have been exceptional, or unless we have some personal interest in the Chinese, we are apt to find that this is about all that we know of China, the little that we learned in our school geographies having become a mass of information exceedingly chaotic.

And yet China is one of the oldest, as well as the largest, countries in the world. The Chinese Empire is about the same size as the whole United States, and the division known as China Proper is more than six times as large as England. China is dotted all over with busy towns, and every available acre is carefully cultivated. The population is so dense that the Chinese have been estimated to include one third of the

whole human race, or more than four hundred millions.

What China is to-day she was hundreds and thousands of years ago. The history of the empire extends back beyond the supposed date of the Flood; and this history is known to be authentic, at least to the time of Moses.

At a time when the people of England lived in caves, the people of China read the same books that they do now, and before the Norman conquest they had learned how to print these books. They anticipated modern civilization by centuries in many discoveries, of which some writers assert the lightning-rod was one. But the great defect of Chinese civilization is that it remains stationary—it is just what it was thousands of years ago. This may be seen in the simple fact that, while the Chinese undoubtedly were the first to discover the load-stone and construct a rude mariner's compass, they still think it necessary to paint eyes in the front of their ships, so that the ships may see the way to go!

The name China is said to be derived from "Chun Kwah," meaning the Middle Kingdom. According to Chinese ideas, this kingdom occupies the middle of the earth, spread out like a gorgeous shawl—all other nations are simply fringes upon its border. The Chinese also call their nation the Flowery or the Celestial Kingdom, as it contains the flower of all that is good, great, and beautiful, and is, in fact, their heaven, for they have no idea of any other. They hold all foreigners in contempt, will scarce condescend to learn from other nations, being fully content with their own degree of civilization—hence, as may readily be seen, their singular lack of progress.

The principal religions of China are Buddhism, Taonism, and the worship of Confucius. Buddha never professed to be anything but a

moral teacher, nor did Confucius—both taught much regarding man's duty to man, but very little regarding any God or any hope of a blissful future. Taonism is simply a belief in millions of malignant spirits. The consequence of the prevalence of the three religions is, that in the minds of the common people the three are hopelessly mixed up. Buddha and Confucius are revered as divinities, while every family worships, in addition, the spirits of its ancestors. Chinese prayer consists of charms and incantations against the myriad of evil spirits which they imagine as troubling the repose of their departed friends or interfering with their own good luck—the Chinese never think of troubling Buddha or Confucius with a prayer for help. Thus a Chinaman is grossly superstitious, and this fact is a great hindrance to modern civilization in China. The Chinese dare not build a house without first going to find out, from some supposed wise man, whether the place chosen is a lucky one. When telegraph wires were first put up in China, the poles were pulled down, because the natives said they spoiled their luck. In many quarters blank walls are built facing the north, because it is believed that evil spirits come from the north, but they cannot pass the walls, because spirits are unable to turn sharp corners. This constant fear of some ill fortune makes the Chinese very timid. They particularly fear death, because they fear that their ghosts will wander about cold and hungry, unless their friends on earth care for them by sending food and clothing to them, by burning pieces of paper cut into the shapes desired, and frightening the evil spirits away from them. Accordingly, they are very strict in performing these offices for their departed friends, but not always from affection so much as from the dread of being neglected when they, too, are gone.

One strongly established belief is in the transmigration of souls. A row of rude statues in a temple shows a number of men just changing into animals, one man having dogs' paws, another a goat's head, and so forth. But no woman is seen, because for women there is no future. Women have committed some terrible sin in a previous state of existence, and have come to earth to receive their final punishment. In China, as in other heathen countries and in some which would fain be called Christian, woman is either a toy or a slave. A Chinese woman of the upper classes, particularly in the south of China, is rendered, according to the taste of the people, ornamental by her small feet—so ornamental, in fact, that she must be carried or wheeled in a coach, like a baby. A large-footed woman, on the contrary, must work

harder than any man, sometimes carrying loads beneath which her husband would stagger and fall. A small-footed woman may wear the costliest silks and loll about in luxurious ease all her life; but it is contrary to Chinese etiquette for a large-footed woman to do so, for were a large-footed woman to wear silk or be idle, it would at once stamp her as destitute of virtue. A terrible choice, then, is before the parents of a girl-baby when they are called upon to decide as to whether their daughters' feet shall be large or small. If small, she is doomed to years of suffering, and must be, perhaps, an expensive burden; if large, her mental suffering may be just as great, and her life must be one of ceaseless toil or social ostracism.

The Chinese have long been known as wonderful artists in china and ivory and as successful producers of silk and tea. But their skill is very superficial. When the first steamboat entered a Chinese river, some of their wise men undertook to imitate it. They rigged a boat with smoke-stack and paddle-wheels, painted eyes in front that the boat might see, and then wondered why it did not start. The outside looked well enough, but it had not occurred to them that there might be something inside, such as an engine, to cause motion!

China has long anticipated the work of the School-Board. At six years of age boys of all ranks are supposed to attend school and prepare for their life-long bondage to Confucius by beginning their dreary struggle to master the characters which take the place of our alphabet, multiplied a thousandfold. They are taught to write each character separately on squares of red paper; and by slow degrees they learn to pronounce each, while the little fingers learn to fashion the elaborate crabbed strokes. Though these small students are just as merry and full of life as our own schoolboys, they seem to take very kindly to the studies which they see their elders value so highly.

But a short article cannot begin to do justice to a country as large as the United States, containing four hundred millions of inhabitants. It can only serve to indicate that we do not know nearly as much about this wonderful old country as we think we do. Of course, in so large a territory, with such a multitude of inhabitants, different customs must prevail in different localities. The Chinaman of our illustration is an inhabitant of the island of Foo Chow off the coast of China, occupied largely by foreigners, as American, English, and French, and so is, perhaps, of a type of Mongolian more familiar to the Caucasian than any other.

THE LAST OF THE LIVINGSTONS.

By H. S. ATWATER.

MARIE LOUISE LIVINGSTON was a rarely independent girl. Educated at a college for women, she had mingled their self-reliant teachings with her native confidence of spirit, evolving from this admixture a bright, attractive young woman, with an exceedingly pronounced individuality. She ruled her venerable guardian and grandmother with "a hand of iron in a glove of velvet," under which the dear old lady sat with crossed hands, admiring and loving and submitting to the sway of her handsome granddaughter, the last of the proud old Livingstons. A line of tragic fate seemed to blend with the lives of the family; the grandfather of the race having fallen over the cliffs behind his own residence, and ending his life in a mangled heap of clay at their foot, whilst the father and mother of Marie Louise Livingston went down at sea on the deck of a fated steamer. Desolate in its grandeur had the old family mansion stood for these many years; desolate and quiet without in the midst of its beautiful surroundings; quiet and desolate enough within, in spite of its elegant furnishing, with the wrinkled face of an ancient lady presiding over its hearth and at the head of its solitary table. The one sole gleam of brightness that ever came to the old place was given for a week or two in the summer, when Marie Louise was brought home for a brief holiday. But the light-hearted child loved the world outside, and most of her time was spent wandering over the fields, climbing the sides of the huge rocks, and as she grew older extending her wanderings farther and farther away from the house, into every hitherto inaccessible nook, and carrying back to her city school and mental labor a healthy body and fresh, unstrained mind. But now these intermittent visits were at an end, and Marie Louise Livingston was to return to her family home, a full-fledged graduate, with all her blushing college honors thick upon her.

"How shall I ever open these doors, to see the old and young in all their smiles and gay dresses passing once again to and fro," said old Madam Livingston to her friend and legal adviser, Judge Barrymore.

"And yet it must be done, Beulah," responded her venerable friend; "you cannot expect that bright young girl to live as you and I can do. You could not even wish such a thing when you think of your own young days. Ah!

Beulah," and the Judge sighed, "what a handsome girl you were. I can see you now, in your white satin, with a bunch of holly berries at your belt, as you led off the dance on the New Year's eve before I left for college."

Madam Livingston gave a soft little laugh, and a faint, sweet color tinged her withered face.

"Aye," she replied, "and you were my partner, Roger, and gay enough you were, in your brand-new, red plush coat and powdered hair. I cried two days after you left, and you never knew it, either."

The white-haired Judge broke into a mellow laugh and shook his head.

"Ah! Beulah, Beulah, the grief was soon cured by the handsome Colonel Livingston, for before the blue birds came in that same spring, I heard of your engagement."

"Ah! well, that's a long time ago, Roger, long ago," replied the old lady, a touching mournfulness in her voice, a dreamy look coming into her bright black eye.

"Well, well," spoke the Judge, cheerily, "we must take things as we find them in this world of ours, and make the best of them. But that's not what we were talking about. Yes, you will have to open your doors once more, Madam Livingston; the cobwebs must be brushed from your windows, no imputation on your house-keeping, ma'am, I assure you, silver must be brought out, and a grand reception held in honor of Miss Marie Louise Livingston."

"The last of the Livingstons," the old lady added, with a quaver in her voice.

In the meantime, the object of this conversation, true to her former habits and turn of mind, had sallied forth, book in hand, for a long stroll among her old haunts.

"Beware of stragglers, Marie," had her grandmother cautioned; "the country now is not as it used to be. The railroads have spoiled all that, and opened highways all over for tramps and trash of all kinds."

But Marie Louise, laughing at danger with the unconscious disdain of one who has never recognized such a feeling, escaped with her book, nodding gayly back at the old lady.

"The trash I shall throw away, Madam Grandmamma, the tramps are a myth. Good-bye dear," and away she sped with light heart and lighter foot. Down through the garden,



SHE STOOD TRANSFIXED WITH HER LOST VOLUME OF POEMS IN HER HAND.

where a few late autumn flowers still hung their pretty heads, in patient waiting for the scythe of the Frost Harvester; and out on a woodland path strewn with a thick carpet of fallen leaves, with many a ripe chestnut burr showing its brown and prickly sides among them. The sunlight flickered down through brilliant shades of russet and scarlet foliage, while afar off stretched the misty highlands, whose bold, precipitous cliffs held in their embrace the beautiful Hudson River, babbling its tales of legendary and romantic lore, as it swiftly ran on to the sea. After a sturdy climb of half an hour she paused on a grassy platform, and, breathless and rosy, looked around her.

Far off in the distance the great metropolis loomed up in a cloud of smoky mist, while nearer at hand lay billowy hill and dale, rolling up into the mountain peaks of the Catskill range. Above her, through the crisp, clear atmosphere circled a hawk, poised on apparently motionless pinions, as though about to swoop downward, and Marie, turning to look for what its prey might be, found herself approached by the rough figure of a man, which slowly came toward her from the shadow of the forest at his back. In his hand he carried a gun, and the heart of Marie Louise Livingston gave a great bound, as a gruff voice, issuing from the depths of the heavy beard, greeted her. The "tramp" was a myth no longer, he stood confessed, a muscular, substantial verification of Madam Livingston's warning.

"Is this the road to Chaffie's?" asked the gruff voice, and a dirty hand went up to the soft, slouch hat.

"I don't know," rejoined Miss Livingston, hurriedly, and turning, walked away at a quick pace, clutching the small volume in her hand nervously, and wishing with all her strength that she had heeded the advice of Madam Livingston.

"Stop a minute," the voice behind her exclaimed, "I—" she stopped to hear no more, but from a rapid walk broke into a quick run. She heard the footsteps coming ominously near her, and something, she could not tell what, was called after her. Then a panic seized her, and she flew on the wings of the wind. Suddenly she struck her foot against a stone, falling prostrate, and, before she could recover her breath and equipoise, her pursuer was close upon her.

Springing to her feet she stood at bay like a beautiful Fury; the spirit of the old dead and gone Livingstons flashed from her dark eyes, and showed itself in the compressed lips and defiant attitude.

She was cool now, and taking a sure and quick aim she hurled the little volume, still grasped

in her hand, full in the face of the approaching "tramp or trash." She saw it strike him on the side of his head, and he fell forward heavily, then she turned and ran with all her strength toward home, nor did she give one glance in the direction of her vanquished foe. But after the first reaction of her fright had passed, her conscience troubled her, for her tender heart suggested horrible sequences. What if, perhaps, lying there stunned, something of further ill might befall the horrible creature; perhaps, oh! dreadful thought, he might be dead, slain by her own slender hand!

Not daring to tell her grandmother of her adventure for fear of alarming her, and distressed beyond measure by the terrible images conjured up by her excited brain, she confided her trouble to the old black servant who had been her faithful nurse.

"Don'ne gib yourself no mo' trouble 'bout it, honey. Ole Pete 'ill go an' see fur you. You haint done no harm, honey, so don'ne you worry no mo';" so, when "Ole Pete" returned, saying, "He clean gone, Missy Libingston, jest's if de debbil done carried him off an' de book 'long with him," Miss Livingston dismissed the subject from her mind, never ceasing, however, to regret her volume of Tennyson, the parting gift of her college chum.

Gradually, the remembrance of the adventure faded from her mind, merged, as it was, in the bright expectations of coming winter gayety, for life opened brilliantly before the last of the Livingstons, wealth and beauty being both at her disposal.

Again the old house smiled an hospitable welcome from its candle-lighted windows, and laughed in glee in the roar of the flaming logs on the wide old hearth, the perfume of sweet flowers mingling with the strains of music and subdued laughter of youthful voices. On one memorable November night, when Madam Livingston stepped out from her cloister-like seclusion into the light of society, bringing her excuse at her side in the charming personality of Marie Louise, her granddaughter, the beautiful old parlors, so long given up to solitude, save for the ghost-like memories of the past, were thrown open once again, with their wealth of *bric-à-brac* collected from far and wide by generations of Livingstons, who had passed over to the "great majority;" quaint pier-glasses reflected, not, as would almost seem the most appropriate, the patches and powdered hair of former days, but dainty toilets of flowing silks, with modern *pannier*, and the stiff and ugly full-dress suit.

The small and dignified figure of Madam Livingston, enveloped in royal velvets and

laces, and not even overshadowed by her tall and beautiful descendant at her side, clad in shimmering white, breathed forth the spirit of the Past and Present with the harmonious blending of a beautiful picture. Presently, Madam Livingston's eyes were riveted upon the tall and stalwart figure of a gentleman who entered the room and came forward to greet his hostess.

"Marie," she exclaimed, a subdued excitement in her voice, "here is a gentleman I am very glad to see. You have heard me speak of your father's dearest friend, Colonel Ten Eyck, who married a Beverly. This is his son, Beverly Ten Eyck. I have not seen him since he was quite a boy."

During this aside the tall, easy figure of the young man in question had advanced up the room, greeting many acquaintances in the crowd and being apparently a favorite among them.

"That's Beverly Ten Eyck," Marie Louise heard one laughing damsel say to another as they hurried by; "all the girls are wild over him. He has just returned from abroad, and is the most delightful fellow—" The rest was lost to her forever in the words of introduction that then and there were pronounced by her grandmother.

Miss Livingston, looking up in the midst of her profound bow, met the handsome stranger's eyes, and wondered what he found so odd and amusing in her, for she detected a look that was quite unusual in her experience—a look of mingled amusement and recognition that puzzled her not a little, and caused her eyes to stealthily travel back to him many times during that delightful evening, until she knew his face by heart, its lines being engraved upon her memory, even to a small, scarcely healed scar on the temple.

Beverly Ten Eyck, from that evening forward, became a constant and welcome visitor at "the Eyrie," such being the appropriate name of the Livingston mansion. Once in awhile a return to New York was intimated by the young man, but each time important business intervened to keep him where he was; society bemoaned his absence, but Beverly Ten Eyck laughed in his sleeve at society, and still continued wedded to the country-side and his lovely summer home. Madam Livingston said nothing, but many a wise thought and cunning plan was woven into the silk stocking evolved from the movements of her skillful fingers, and she saw with quiet satisfaction that as her work neared its completion the two destinies so dear to her heart were also becoming inextricably entwined.

"What a shame it is, Madam Grandmamma,

that valentines have gone so out of fashion," quoth Marie Louise, on the 14th day of February, year of our Lord 18—.

"Yes, it was a pretty custom, dear."

"And I am sure you were overwhelmed with all sorts of tokens, Madam?" suggested Marie Louise.

"Yes, yes, I had my share; I had my share, my dear, but that was long ago, long, long ago."

As Marie Louise came down that evening, dressed for a dinner party at a neighboring house, she paused in the library and casually looked over the antique table on which the mail was generally deposited. Nothing this evening save a small package, and her heart beat curiously as she recognized the now well-known writing of Mr. Ten Eyck.

She opened it slowly, a lovely blush suffusing face and neck. Dropping the wrappers, she stood transfixed with her lost volume of poems in her hand.

At first she did not comprehend it, and she lifted yet once more the cover from the floor, examining the address. No, there was no mistaking that handwriting; even if her eyes could not be trusted, her heart was not at fault.

Again she raised the book, and this time a piece of paper fluttered like a white wing of peace down upon the table. Quickly she lifted it and read:

"MARIE LOUISE LIVINGSTON:—I return your book if you will give me back my heart. If you cannot do so, sweet, I shall claim both book and owner. You once gave me a wound that time has healed; do not give me another that would be the death-blow to my happiness."

Passionately and blushing she raised it to her lips, her eyes soft with tears.

"Ah, love, I take that for my answer," was spoken behind her, in tones deep with emotion, and Marie Louise, the last of the Livingstons, was securely infolded in the arms of her Valentine.

"Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields;
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the west,
Rosy is the south;
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth."

"But you did look like what I had always imagined a tramp should," insisted Marie Louise the next day.

"I'm sure I did," replied Mr. Ten Eyck,

"for I had been two days on the tramp, and my game-bag was as flat as when I started. I had lost myself on those hills, and I was determined to reassure you if possible, that I might regain my way. I was both hungry, dirty, and desperate."

"Yes," replied Marie Louise, roguishly, and

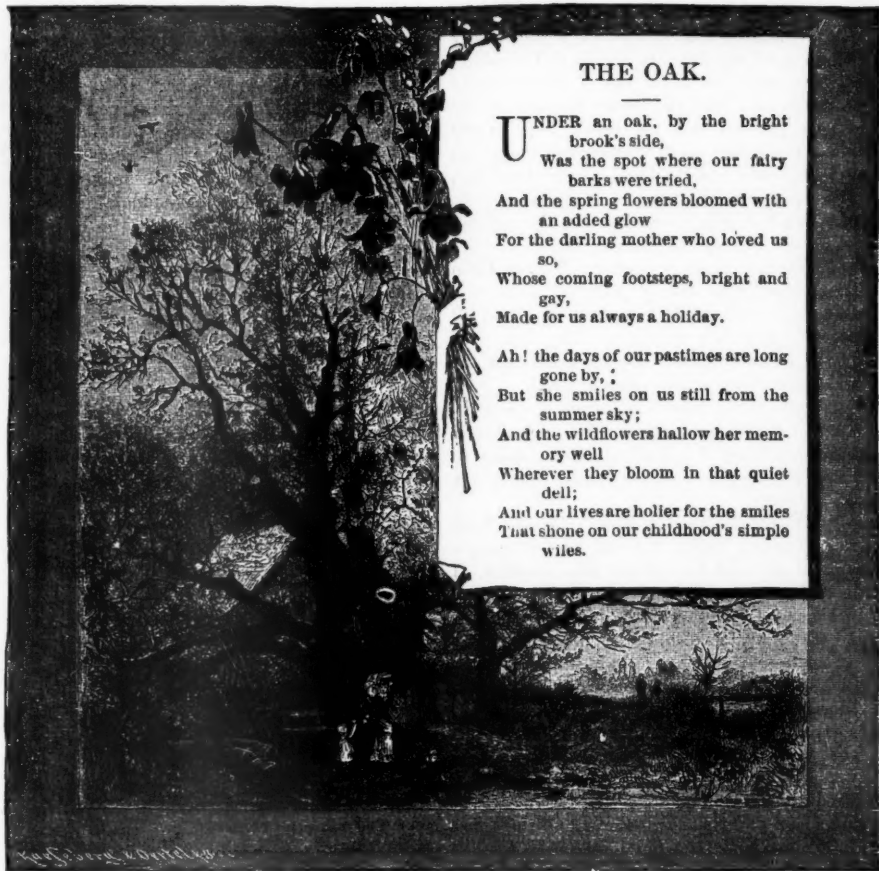
raising his strong, shapely hand, "I might have supposed I was mistaken, but your hands convinced me. Mr. Ten Eyck, they looked as though they did not even know what water meant."

"Mud-stains, wicked one," he replied; and the curtain drops.

THE OAK.

UNDER an oak, by the bright
brook's side,
Was the spot where our fairy
barks were tried,
And the spring flowers bloomed with
an added glow
For the darling mother who loved us
so,
Whose coming footsteps, bright and
gay,
Made for us always a holiday.

Ah! the days of our pastimes are long
gone by;
But she smiles on us still from the
summer sky;
And the wildflowers hallow her mem-
ory well
Wherever they bloom in that quiet
dell;
And our lives are holier for the smiles
That shone on our childhood's simple
wiles.



PRESENTIMENTS.—Presentiments love weak places, hence they flourish among weak-minded people—not necessarily weak-minded by nature, but made so by a diseased body. An almost infallible cure for presentiments, however violent, is plain food and plenty of open-air exercise. Who ever heard of a healthy outdoor day-laborer having a "presentiment" in the pursuit of his occupation? The fact is, he has no time for such tomfooleries; the only pre-

sentiment that ever troubles him is a veritable fact, a tangible reality. Presentiments do not exist except in connection with one of the three following things—a weak mind, a diseased body, an idle condition of life. Idleness and gluttony are the great originators of this unfortunate condition of mind, and its almost certain removal follows temperate eating, combined with physical activity.

"AT DR. LANDON'S."

By M. G. McCLELLAND.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

ONE morning Mrs. Nancy came in the nursery in a mighty hurry to ask me if I wouldn't step out and fetch her a pint of white brandy to put in some jelly the Doctor had ordered for a poor patient. All the liquor kept in the house was locked up in a little press along with the medicines, and Dr. Landon carried the key. Jim was to come for the jelly at twelve o'clock, and Sara had gone to market, and she couldn't go herself because she had the stuff on the fire and custard to make for dinner. Both children were asleep, and Nancy promised to have a thought to them while I was out, so I said I'd accommodate her willingly. The door into Mrs. Landon's room was open a crack, and she was lying on the sofa reading as usual.

I went out the front way, because it was nearest, and wasn't gone above fifteen minutes at longest. When I opened the door coming in again my mistress met me coming out of the dining-room.

"Give me the brandy, Kate," she said, "and run up to the baby. I heard him stirring a minute ago, and he will get into mischief. I am going to the kitchen."

I handed her the bottle and flew up-stairs, for that Arty, for all his sweet, pretty looks, was a very imp for mischief, always in every sort of pickle, and the ingeniouesest child for getting himself in a mess, to his age, that I ever saw. I expected certainly to find him mounted upon the washstand dabbling his stockings in the water pitcher, but he wasn't even in the room. Fred was sleeping on his bed like a daisy, but not a sign of Arty anywhere. In all the rooms I searched and then ran down to the kitchen by the back way, for Arty was a regular little kitchen haunt, and there sure enough I found him sitting in the middle of the floor with Nancy's dredging box, trying to force the top off with a crooked nail.

"You've been a time getting from the front door to the kitchen, Kate," said Nancy, turning round from the range where she was stirring her custard; "I had a notion to come and see if you wan't lost in the passage you stayed such a time. Where's the brandy?"

Then I told her of the hunt I'd had for Arty, and that I'd given the brandy to Mrs. Landon,

who was coming to the kitchen. Nancy's face went right white, and her jaw fairly dropped with dismay. I couldn't make out what ailed her.

"You let her have it?" she gasped. "You gave her the bottle—a whole pint, and she's had her regular allowance and opium besides! Good Lord! have mercy;" and she dashed out of the kitchen leaving me dazed and stupid.

In a minute she was back with the bottle in her hand. It looked all right, full up to the stopper, just like I gave it to Mrs. Landon. Nancy pulled the cork out, smelled it, shook it, and then poured some out in a teacup and tasted it.

"Is anything the matter?" I asked; "where was it?"

"On the dining-room table. This aint nothing but water. She's poured all the brandy out and filled the bottle up out of the pitcher. I thought as much. She's got it up-stairs now."

"What for?" I said, sharply, for I was nettled at what I took for impertinence in Nancy; "you ought to be ashamed to talk that way about the mistress. Why should she do such a trick as that? What does she want with brandy?"

Nancy looked at me like she thought I'd taken leave of my senses.

"You don't mean to tell me that you don't know—that Sara never told you?" she said, slowly; "I'd have told you myself, only I hated to talk about it to a stranger, and I made sure Sara would tell you."

"Tell me what?"

"About the poor lady up-stairs. About her habits, I mean."

My heart kind of fluttered and turned over.

"You don't mean to say she—" I started.

"Yes, I do," interrupted Nancy, shortly; "she can't help it now, poor thing; it's a disease with her, and 'twill grow on her till it kills her, burns her all up inside like. She takes anything now—brandy, opium, morphine, laudanum, all drugs that have got the stuff she craves in 'em. She's mortal cunning about getting hold of 'em, and sometimes it's hard to spot her and stop the supply. She's had a sight of morphine or some drug lately, and I can't

find out how she got it;" then as if a thought occurred to her, she turned her eyes on me sharply—"Have you been buying anything for her since you've been here, Kate? filling any orders or doing any errands for her?"

Feeling curious and guilty, I owned up at once to the three times I had had a small bottle filled at different drug stores near, and then something made me mention about the cologne man. I don't know what made me do it, except that I had noticed him in the street near our house several times since.

"That's where she gets the most of the drugs from," said Nancy, meditatively; "that man's been supplying her. When she gets a way open to get hold of the drugs, she lays in a supply and hides it all about in all sorts of nooks and crannies, against the time we find her out and stop it. There's no telling how much stuff she's got hidden away this minute. That little you got wouldn't last her no time."

"The clerk said there was opium enough in it to put me to sleep for a thousand years," I said, feeling mighty low. "I told Mrs. Landon about it, and she said it wouldn't harm her because she was careful."

"Because she's seasoned to it, she meant," remarked Nancy; "I aint blaming you, Kate. It was my fault for not warning you and leaving the telling of it to Sara. Don't you never get her nothing out of a drug store nor a grocery while you live, child, never any more. She's got a spree on her now as sure as a gun; I've seen it coming on for days, and that brandy will just turn her loose. The Doctor's been so much away from home lately, she's had full swing. I'd just like to have the tuning of that cologne fellow; I know I'd make him a sight more shivery than he is a'ready."

All this was a bran new experience to me and very terrible. I couldn't get used to it. The idea of a sweet, refined, well-born lady being guilty of such a low-down, wallowing, ditch-and-gutter sin shocked me all over. I'd come from back in the quiet country, you mind, and wasn't used to city doings. With us the men folks did the drinking and made brutes of themselves; the only women I had ever coupled in my mind with liquor were low creatures, not fit to be called women or even talked about.

"What will you do?" I questioned, helplessly.

"Nothing, till the Doctor comes home, and then I will tell him; he will know what ought to be done. It aint my place to meddle, without his orders. nohow."

"Why don't he do something to cure her? If it's a disease, there ought to be some cure for it. The Doctor is a clever man; he ought to be able to help her, poor thing."

"He ought—but he aint," said Nancy, slowly; "he have tried everything on God's earth to help her; he have been loving and tender, patient and forbearing; he have labored over her, and prayed over her, and doctored her and experimented with her, and nothing aint no use. There aint a single stone the turning of which might help her, that he lets rest in its bed a minute. He studies her case, and watches her, and tries to keep her on an allowance so he can gradually decrease it, but she is so mortal cunning about getting drugs for herself unbeknown to him, that he never can be sure how much she has had. You see she's always been delicate, and the doctors have been ordering stimulants for her ever since she was born. Like as not they ordered milk toddies and liquor for her mother before she was born, and so the taste for liquor was born in her. 'Taint her fault, poor thing; she didn't know her danger until the craving was so settled into being the strongest part of her nature, that she can't any more control it than you could hold a mad buffalo bull with your naked hands. When the devil enters in she loses herself and aint got but one thought, one idea in the world, and that one, drink or drugs. She used to try to help herself, and would hold off and cry and pray for strength, until it was enough to break your heart to hear her. Then the least little carelessness, and the devil would get the whip-hand again and she'd be worse than ever. For nigh two years now she's just given up; there aint any strength of resistance in her, and all we can do is just to keep her sober some part of the time, and to try and keep folks from finding out and talking. Her father used to keep open house, with liquor always around, and when she was first married it was done here, and company was always coming and going. But since before Arty was born all that was stopped, and 'taint nobody, high or low, gets a drop of nothing to drink stronger than coffee in this house. I don't even use liquor in cooking anything she's got to eat. Oh! them doctors; they means well, but they works a deal of harm; they prescribe stimulants for this, and stimulants for that and the other; toddy for ladies, toddy for babies to draw in with mothers' milk; and so women drink and men drink, and the doctors are bewildered and bothered by the result of their own practice, and set to work to build a little log dam of physic to hold back a mighty river of desire. They cooper and tinker and patch up bodies, and the souls inside 'em shackle all to pieces. They work away with whisky and brandy and truck, to keep a rickety body here a few years longer and succeed, and the soul waits awhile, and then at last reels off to the Master dead drunk, and worse off than if

it had been let to slip away years before, quiet and sober. Mothers must drink whisky to help them nurse their babies; children must have whisky to help their digestions; boys must have whisky to help 'em study, and girls must have whisky to help 'em dance. In old times so much drink wasn't considered necessary, and there was some mighty likely children raised. But then, if a little child was sickly folks wa'n't as much afeard of trusting it in God's hand as they are now.

"Well, poor Mrs. Landon was sickly, and they stimulated her all her life. After she was married it was kept up on account of Freddy, both before and after, and it just kept on. Dr. Landon was like something blind or foolish; he never appeared to take in where it was all obliged to end until Arty was born, when he saw her one day pour out two-thirds of her glass of milk and fill the tumbler up with whisky.

"That's too much," he said, for I was in the room and heard him, 'just a small spoonful, my dear, and a whole glass of milk.'

"She just laughed at him.

'Why, Henry,' she said, 'if I only took that much the baby would starve. I must keep up my strength for him.'

"The Doctor aint a drinking man himself, and never has been; a surgeon has got to keep his nerve cool and his hand steady, so maybe that was what made him so unsuspecting for so long. However, I noticed that he began to get troubled in his mind, and to watch her, and I knew it wouldn't be long before he found out about the sherry and champagne and the drugs she took when she was nervous and low, or wanted to sleep, or had no appetite. When Arty was about eight months old, the Doctor came home one evening and found his wife lying on her bed, stupid and unconscious with drink. She had been sick with neuralgia, and had drugged and drank herself into the state you see men in, falling about the gutters. It wasn't the first time she had been so by a many, but it was the first time he had ever seen her, and the shock of it nearly killed him. Since that day he hasn't known what it was to have a quiet day, nor a restful minute. He's like a man dragging about a log chained to his leg all the time, he can't rise above it, nor forget it an hour, it's always there weighing him down and clanking; and all the comfort he's got is the boys, and even that's spoiled for fear they've got the taste somewhere in their little bodies waiting to spring out any minute."

Sara had come in with the marketing, and put the basket on the table to be out of Arty's reach. He had got the top off the dredging-box, and was stirring up batter cakes in one of

his slippers, with flour he had poured out of it, and water from the cat's pan. He had a little cough and a hard cold anyhow, so I picked him up in my lap and sat down near the range with him, taking off his socks to warm and dry his little feet where he had spilled water on them. Nancy told Sara about the brandy and the cologne man and the drugs I had gotten for Mrs. Landon, through not knowing about her failing. And Sara looked grave, and said there was going to be trouble again she was afraid, and hoped the Doctor would be home early. She had laid off to tell me, she said, half a dozen times, but she always forgot it, having her mind full of other things, and then Mrs. Landon was so quiet, and I had been there such a little while and was no talker. Every time we were together there was such a deal to ask and talk about, home and her young man and the future.

All day I was worried and uneasy, filled with dread about I didn't exactly know what. I didn't exactly see how I was to blame, and yet I couldn't help blaming myself all the time. Arty's cold got worse as the day wore on, and he was feverish and fretful, not satisfied a minute unless I was holding him and amusing and singing to him. Toward evening he quieted, poor little fellow, and slept stupidly in my arms. Mrs. Landon was shut up in her room all day, and never came in the nursery once. I went in to ask her about Arty twice, but she was lying on the sofa with the curious far-off look in her eyes, and I couldn't make her understand that the baby was sick. She didn't seem to need anything, or to notice any one, and Nancy said it was best to let her alone until her husband came home. I heard her moving about in the forepart of the day, but by evening she was lying on the bed quite still. Sara and Nancy got her undressed and into a wrapper, and Nancy said she'd sit with her after supper while Sara stayed with me. I had my supper up-stairs and eat it with Arty in my arms; he was too sick for me to leave him. After supper Sara put Freddy to bed for me, and the baby dropped off too, so I could lay him in his little crib. I lit a fire in the nursery grate for company, and put a jug of hot water on the hearth to keep ready in case it was needed, with mustard and squills and all the simple things I had seen mother use for Mary, who had been a croupy child. The flue kept her room warm, but I being country bred, felt more natural and homelike to see the fire, and Sara and I drew chairs up close and sat down to wait for the Doctor. Arty was looking too bad for me to think about going to bed. The Doctor was unusually late that night, as he had many desperately ill patients.

About twelve o'clock we were frightened to death by a succession of low, half-strangled shrieks and moans in the other room, and Nancy called us hurriedly to come. Mrs. Landon was half sitting, half huddled up in bed with her face distorted and pale, her eyes bloodshot and starting. She was making those awful noises, and holding on to Nancy tight with one hand and pointing with the other at different parts of the room and crying out about dreadful, creepy, crawling things that were swarming about the room and the bed. I had never seen any one in that condition before, but I knew my poor mistress was in a fit of "the horrors." Nancy was soothing her like a baby and telling us what to do and what to get for her. Nancy had seen her so many times before and had her wits about her, knowing exactly what to do.

It was so long before we got her quieted that I must have been away from the nursery more than an hour. My first thought when I got back was Arty, and I went straight to the crib to look at him. He was all drawn up in a knot, and had fought the covering off of him in his effort to fetch his breath; his little face was purple and his finger-nails black. While we were working over the drunken mother the poor little baby had strangled nearly to death. As I lifted him up his little limbs began to draw and shudder, and he went into a strong convulsion in my arms. I called to Sara for God's sake to run for a doctor while I got his clothes off and put him into a tub of hot water. Never to my dying day shall I forget the throb of thankfulness that went through me as I heard the latch-key turn in the door and Dr. Landon's step on the stairs, almost before the words were out of my mouth.

Sara met him at the head of the stairs, and what she told him I don't know. I heard him say, "Where's Edith?" and then, "Who's with her?" and then he came straight to the nursery. I had Arty in the water by the time he got in the room, and he just knelt down beside the tub and took the child out of my hands and did everything that was needful for him himself. His hands were as steady and skillful as if it wasn't his own flesh and blood that death was trying to snatch out of his grasp, and his face, when I glanced at him, was set and grave, without a sign of emotion, except two deep furrows between the eyes and a strained look about the mouth.

When the convulsions had passed and the little fellow was breathing less laboriously, he got up and went into his wife's room for a minute and examined her and spoke a word and gave a direction to Nancy; then he came back

and shut the door between the two rooms and watched beside the baby until morning.

Never in all my life have I felt so sorry for any one or such a yearning to comfort any one, if I had only known how. But it wasn't my place to speak, being only a servant girl, and I could only pity him in silence. At daylight he bade me go to bed, as the worst of the danger was over, and, thinking he'd rather be by himself, I went at once. As I mended the fire before going, he turned from the crib and held out his hand, and said, slowly and gently:

"Thank you, Kate; you have been faithful and kind to the baby—under God, he owes his life to you. I will remember to-night always."

There was nothing for me to do then but break right down and slip away to my own room and take a good, hard cry on my bed.

I stayed at Dr. Landon's three years in all, and during that time Sara married and went away; and the little boys, being sturdy fellows, right much out of the way, we wouldn't take another house girl, Nancy and I deciding that we could manage the work between us, with a charwoman to help in busy times. Mrs. Landon kept getting worse and worse steadily all the time, and toward the last Dr. Landon sent the children away to his mother's, in the country, so that they should not see their mother, being big enough now to remember. He suggested my going with them, but Nancy was set against my leaving her, and I felt that I was more needed in the house than by the children.

Poor Mrs. Landon just burnt out at last, like a lamp with the oil exhausted, and I'm afraid that her death was naught but a relief to everybody, even to the husband who had watched and tended her so faithfully.

The house was shut up for awhile after Mrs. Landon's death; for the Doctor's health was entirely broken down, and he had to give up his practice and go abroad for a couple of years to rest and distract his mind. The children stayed with their grandma.

Nancy came home to the farm with me for a long visit, and I—well I had a sight to do and see to; for the Doctor had advanced Jim the money to buy a little market-garden near the city, where there was room to keep a horse and a couple of cows and a bit of poultry—almost like country. There was a good little house on it, and Jim said all it wanted was an active, stirring mistress to make it the sweetest little home in the world. We were to be married in the fall, and Nancy was to give up service and come and make her home with us and "play ladies," as the children say. My wedding-dress was a really beautiful blue silk, which the

Doctor chose himself in Lyons and sent all the way home to me, with a lovely watch and chain as a present from the children.

Things on the farm were looking up, too; by hard work and management father had got the whip-hand of that mortgage at last and saw his way to getting quit of it and perhaps to making a little start for the younger boys before he got too old for work. Mary had grown a pretty, tidy girl, and the young men in the neighborhood were beginning to hang around the farm

considerable for a chance word with her. Mother was strong and hearty still, and the girls out West were getting on nicely—Sallie was going to be married and Mattie had a new baby, which she had named John, after father. And, best of all, Ben, by his own exertions, had made what he called "a stake for himself," and was getting able to help toward paying back the money father had advanced for him. When the letter with the first check in it came, father's face was a sight worth seeing.

"THE GERMAN."

BY MARY W. EARLY.

MOST of my friends hold the theory that only among your own people can you find that full sympathy of tastes and ideas, that similarity of habits and customs, that will insure thorough harmony in married life. In the main, I suppose they are right; it requires, however, an exception to make good a rule, and I am now prepared to bring forward that exception.

I had commenced life as a lawyer in Cincinnati, when I met at a fancy ball a young girl newly arrived from Germany, who swept away from my mind all distinctions of nationality, introducing me into a higher and wider kingdom than those marked down in our geographies—the kingdom of love. She was visiting an uncle, an opulent merchant in Cincinnati, and she attended this ball with his family. Wisely selecting a character with which she was familiar, she was enabled to reproduce accurately every detail of the costume, as well as to personate the character in air and manner—that of a Black Forest peasant maiden (*Schwarzwälder Bauermädchen*)—and her rare beauty seemed but enhanced by the quaint costume she had adopted. The peasant waist and bodice seemed to show off to greater advantage the graceful roundness of her figure. Her dark, wavy hair was surmounted by a quaint peasant's hat. A spray of roses and rosebuds pinned on her breast formed her sole ornament, with the exception of a cross of Rhine stones suspended from a black velvet band around her neck. Altogether, she was the loveliest and most picturesque figure in the ball-room, bringing back to my mind all the fanciful legends and traditions that cluster so thickly around the Black Forest.

I need not say I hastened to seek an intro-

duction, and a ripper acquaintance proved that it was not merely the glamor of a ball-room that had made her so charming in my eyes. Very different was she from our American girls; but she, approaching more nearly to my ideal of womanhood, was not so self-reliant and self-assertive as they. She was more gentle, retiring, and clinging, having been educated in a different atmosphere and with different ideas. Her mind had never been agitated by the question of woman's rights, or wrongs either. She seemed conscious of no other right or career than that of making those around her happy; she had the traditional German skill in music, and her lovely songs seemed to flow forth from her as readily and spontaneously as perfume does from a rose; she did not exercise the gift as a showy accomplishment, but, if anything, took more care and pleasure in playing and singing for her uncle and aunt and the children of the household than she did for the most distinguished people she met in society; she was an accurate, but not very fluent, English scholar, well versed in classical literature, such as written by our best authorities, but her knowledge of colloquial English was imperfect, sometimes throwing a slight impediment in the way of our conversation. There existed, also, a human barrier to our intercourse—her mother, who had accompanied her on this visit to their Cincinnati relatives, and this old lady had a profound distrust of American young men, regarding them as unprincipled deceivers in all affairs of the heart. She had lived near a German university much frequented by American youths, and, unfortunately, the conduct of some of them had given her but too good grounds for her distrust, as they had won the affections of Ge man

frauleins and betrothed themselves to them; but, returning to America, proved recreant to the tie, leaving the frauleins almost as forlorn as deserted wives; for the Germans lay great weight on the ceremony of betrothing, regarding it as being almost as sacred and binding as the marriage vow. Holding this opinion, the old lady, with fear and trembling, saw her beloved daughter subjected to their influence. She was kept in a continual state of trepidation; for Clara was so beautiful that her light could not be hidden under a bushel. I took the lead of all her admirers in the persistency and devotedness of my attentions. Fortunately, I had been a visitor at her uncle's house before she came, so this gave me a better opening to frequent it now. But the old lady took care I should never see Clara alone. Rose and thorn, I had to take one in order to win the other. Whenever I went to the house, Madame made her appearance with a stocking of Saxon wool in her hand, the knitting-needles not engrossing her sufficiently, however, to prevent her from keeping a vigilant watch over me. She always tried to keep the conversation on safe topics, such as the pork trade of Cincinnati and the respective amount of beer consumed there and in German cities. I saw that my only chance of snatching a *tête-à-tête* with Clara was to do so at some public entertainment, and I eagerly watched my opportunity to compass this. The most brilliant ball of the season was to be held at the house (or I might say palace) of a merchant-prince living in one of the beautiful suburbs of Cincinnati, and here I managed, by skillful manoeuvring, to secure a considerable portion of Clara's society. The crowd rushed in (without resistance on my part, I must confess) and separated Clara and myself from her mother and uncle as we were making our way into the supper-room. I professed myself as unable to find them again, as if they had been needles lost in a hay-stack, and, contenting myself with a very slight glance around the room for them, I led Clara off into the green-house, where the soft lights, the beauty and perfume of the flowers, and the subdued undercurrent of distant music seemed to form a fitting accompaniment of her own rare loveliness. It would have been the hour of my destiny, but for an untimely interruption. Unfortunately (it seemed to me now), I was considered in Cincinnati society peculiarly proficient in the mazes of "the German," and the lady of the house had arranged that I should lead that intricate dance with her niece, a *débutante*, for whom the entertainment was given. The music struck up for the "German," and my hostess now appeared at the door of the conservatory to summon me to my post.

I was obliged to make my excuses most reluctantly, leaving the *German* of my preference for one which now seemed to me a perfect nuisance; but the tyranny of society sometimes martyrizs us as well as does religious fanaticism. I need scarcely tell the reader I did not enjoy the "German" very much. By the time it was over it was late. The assembly began to disperse and I could hope for no further interview with Clara. I could not even catch a glimpse of her amid the confused masses of people making their adieux to the hostess and pressing their way out. A friend of mine, accosting me just then, congratulated me on my success in the dance.

"That stupid, tiresome German!" I exclaimed impatiently, giving sudden vent to the chagrin that had been gnawing me for several hours.

"I am surprised to hear you speak so," he replied. "I thought you were devoted to the German; you appear so in society."

"On the contrary," replied I, "I am bored to death with the 'German,' but in society you sometimes are obliged to act differently from what you really feel."

"Well," rejoined my friend, "you certainly have had favors enough to-night to put you in a good humor," glancing at the little filigree harp favor and various gew-gaw favors pinned on my coat.

"I can't say I prize such favors much," replied I.

"We had better try to move on," replied my friend. "We are blocking up the way. There are several ladies behind us trying to get out."

Looking around, I saw amongst those ladies, Clara and her mother, hemmed in by the crowd in such a way that they could not move either backward or forward. My friend and myself moved aside to let them pass, and I greeted Clara with effusion, but she passed on without reply. Possibly she had overlooked me in the throng, I thought.

At as early an hour the next day as conventionality would permit, I called at her uncle's house, to inquire for the ladies after the fatigues of the night before and to ask if I could see them. The servant replied that they were well, but begged to be excused. This did not appear strange to me, however—I thought they were probably fatigued, perhaps not even up. I bided my time as patiently as I could till the afternoon, when I again presented myself at the door, this time carrying a basket of exquisite rose-buds and violets. Again the ladies begged to be excused, and the servant brought back the basket of flowers, which he said Madame insisted on returning. Deeply perplexed and chagrined, I racked my brain to think what

possible cause of offense I could have given, but I could find no clue to the matter. Day after day, pocketing my pride, I sought the house, but could obtain no admission. I sought opportunities to speak with Clara at public places, operas, concerts, etc., but her manner was very cold and distant, and she evidently avoided me, and to my sorrow, I perceived that she appeared to have become as much my enemy as the old lady. This state of things preyed on my mind to such an extent that I became unable to attend to my business, my whole energies being absorbed in unraveling the mystery. It seemed that I was destined never again to have a private interview with Clara, but I was resolved to speak out before her mother, rather than remain in the dreadful state into which I was plunged by being placed under the ban for some offense unknown to me. Resolved to end the suspense, I presented myself at the house soon after breakfast one morning, when I knew they would not be out, nor would other visitors be there to interfere with me. I did not hazard sending in a card, but prevailed on the servant to carry me without notice into the back parlor, where I was almost certain to find the object of my search at the piano. She and her mother appeared much startled on seeing me, Clara turning alternately pale and rosy. I thought it no time for idle ceremony, so I came at once to the point, begging them for an explanation of their coldness toward me. Clara looked at her mother, blushed, and trembled, but said nothing. After a few moments' silence, the latter said in broken English, which I will not attempt to transcribe, that she wondered I dared approach them on the subject; that I surely must be conscious of the indignity I had put upon her daughter. I assured her so vehemently that I was perfectly unconscious and innocent of any such offense, that she seemed somewhat shaken.

"Do you mean to say," resumed she, "that you do not recall your slighting and insulting remarks about my daughter in the hall at Mrs. B——'s?"

"So help me Heaven!" exclaimed I, passionately, "so far from speaking slightly of your daughter in a public place, I hold her so dear and sacred that I should feel it a desecration to sound even her most exalted praises in public."

"Can you deny," continued the old lady, excitedly, "that you spoke of her as that stupid, tiresome German, that you were bored to death with her, and did not value her favors?"

As by a flash of lightning, the whole matter was revealed to me then. They had been pushed closely beside me in the hall, and had overheard my conversation with my friend, their imperfect knowledge of our language leading to the mistake that came so near blasting the happiness of my life. Having only been in this country a short time, and having a very slight knowledge of the current phraseology of society, they had not yet learned that our fashionable dance was called "the German." The old lady, too, being bitterly prejudiced against American young men, was the more disposed to put a sinister interpretation on my words, which Clara would not have done if left to herself. Her mother construed my meaning to fit her preconceived theory that all American men were heartless flirts and jilts, and she did not rest until she had succeeded in engraving this theory on her daughter's mind.

"I hope you are convinced of it now, Clara," she said, "since overhearing him publicly jeer at you, and make light of your favors, as he calls them. I suppose he refers to the private interview you accorded him in the conservatory. He was not with any other German but yourself during the evening, since he could not have meant any one else."

Clara's heart had grown sore, and her face glowed with womanly pride and shame at the indignity her mother persuaded her had been offered to her.

I hastened to explain their mistake, and my heartfelt earnestness and sincerity carried conviction to one of them at least. Gradually, too, I succeeded in gaining over the old lady, so at length I was rewarded by "*the German*" of my choice.

The peasant costume in which I first met my wife I have requested her to preserve always as a cherished memento. I made her sit to an artist in it, and, looking at the portrait, you may

"Behold her there

As I beheld her, ere she knew my heart,
My first, last love; the idol of my youth,
The darling of my manhood."

A WOMAN'S LIFE IN THE WESTERN WILDS.

BY ISADORE ROGERS,

Author of "Lester's Wife."

CHAPTER IV.

"DON'T faint, for Heaven's sake!" said Willis, his own face blanched as white as death; "don't faint, but come," and grasping her hand he ran with all possible speed to his neighbor's tent, and as they bent unceremoniously through the opening, Belle sank helplessly upon the ground.

"What in the name o' common sense is the matter?" asked the man, springing up in amazement and quickly striking a light, as Willis exclaimed:

"Get your rifles, boys! quick, or we shall all be devoured alive!"

"What ails ye, anyhow?" asked one of the men, staring curiously at the frightened pair.

"Don't you hear that sound?" Willis asked, excitedly. "Make haste or we shall be food for wolves before we've time to make defense."

"Ho! ho! ho! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ha!" and the men fairly bent double in their explosive merriment.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Willis, angrily. "Have you both gone mad?"

Again the men went off into convulsions of laughter, swaying back and forth in the very ecstasy of merriment and the tears actually rolling down their cheeks, as they looked upon the frightened pair and realized the cause of their fright.

"Why, man, them's *coyotes*!" said one of the men, as soon as he could recover breath to speak.

"Coyotes?" asked Willis, scarcely comprehending why this fact should cause such merriment.

"Yes, coyotes, the most noisy, cowardly, sneakin' varmint that haunts the prairie, but as dangerous as owls and twice as hard to approach. You couldn't git within gunshot of 'em if you should try; but if your lady's afeard, I'll silence the whole noisy pack for her accommodation," and going outside the tent the man discharged his rifle.

Instantly every howling throat was silent, and the cowardly creatures went sneaking back through the darkness to their haunts among the cañons.

"They're gone," said the man, as he returned; "they're after chickens; they'll rob every hen-roost within their reach, and will be

the pest of the farm-yard when this country's settled up—but I'm no more afeard of 'em than of a rabbit. But it's goin' to rain, ye may depend upon it; they always howl most powerful before a storm."

"Well, Belle," said Willis, "it seems that we do not belong to the class 'not brought up in the woods to be scared at owls.' Let us return to our tent."

But her nerves were so badly shaken that she refused to go unless the two men went along with loaded rifles, and even then it was not till early dawn crimsoned the skies that sleep closed her eyes.

Willis laid the foundation of his house that very day, began its erection and retired that night with the gratifying reflection that he should soon have a roof above their heads and a door to close against the howling denizens of the wilderness.

Toward midnight they were awakened by the rumbling of distant thunder—far away at first, but every moment coming nearer, while black and heavy clouds came rolling threateningly up from the western hills.

The light of moon and stars was soon obscured, but long streams of electric fire came flashing from the clouds, zig-zagging across the sky and illuminating the prairie far and wide.

"This eclipses all the fireworks I ever saw," said Willis, who had risen and stood watching the storm, glancing uneasily at Belle, who had followed him and stood clinging to his side with nervous apprehension.

The deep and heavy peals increased to one continuous roar, reverberating through the distant cañons and causing all around to tremble with their grand concussions. Crash after crash seemed bursting overhead, and by the lightning's steady glare they could see the black clouds gathering, rolling, surging, through the sky, as if all the vengeful storm-kings had arrayed for deadly battle.

The two men whom they had disturbed the night before came over to their tent, saying: "If the lady were afraid they would remain until the storm was past."

This offer was gratefully accepted; for, although it seemed as if a regiment would be powerless against the storm, they found that two

men, who knew just what to do, were of great assistance. They fastened the tent with greater strength, and, swinging a hammock from the centre pole, insisted upon Belle's taking possession of it, assuring her that if the tent were threatened by the wind her weight would help to hold it down.

The men held fast upon the ropes and waited for the storm, while Belle, with white, scared face, peered from the hammock like an Indian papoose from its blanket.

At length it burst with all the fury of a storm upon the wind-swept prairie. And nothing but the frail tent to shield them from its power; no sheltering walls to intercept the thunder's deafening crash; no friendly roof to interpose above their heads; no windows to close and shut out the lightning's fearful glare.

Every gust threatened to sweep the tent away, but held by their united force it stood secure; but the rain poured down in torrents, and by the wind was driven in a mist through the thick tent cloth, wetting their clothing through and through, while streams came pouring round their feet.

For hours the rain came down, and morning dawned dark and cloudy, with every prospect of a drizzling rain all day.

Every article of clothing and bedding was dripping with moisture, except the wearing apparel in their trunks, and no chance to dry them ere the coming of another night. Reader, this is "life upon the border."

The next day a neighbor who had been safely lodged in a sod shanty before the rain (although the roof was somewhat leaky) came over, with true border sociability, to inquire how they had fared during the storm, and in reply to Belle's description of their discomforts, she replied:

"That aint nothin'. We started early last spring, and have been roamin' round lookin' for a good place till now. There had been a heap o' nice weather, and we thought spring had fairly set in. One night we camped over in a holler, about five miles from any house, and in the night there came a rain, and how it *did* rain. It jest blowed and poured till we was all wet through, an' *then* it turned around an' snowed an' froze. You thought it mighty hard with a good tent over ye, and nobody to look after any smaller'n yerself; but jest think o' bein' out in the snow with seven young uns a cryin' with the cold, ye'd find it quite a different tune, I can tell ye; but *now* we're *settled*; an' 'Than'l says this land of our'n, when we get it 'proved up an' cultivated, will be worth as much as father's farm back in Indiana, and more too, because the sile is better."

"There is no lot so hard but that it might be worse," thought Belle.

"How fortunate you were that none of you were taken sick and died," said she, consolingly. "When the sun came out and dried your clothing and made you warm, and you could look round upon your group and know they were all there, you had courage to go on."

"You're mighty right," said the woman, emphatically; "but now we've got a home, and are through with all such troubles."

The new dwelling was ready at last. It did not look much like the homes which they had left, to be sure, but it was their very own. It consisted of but one room, fourteen by eighteen, but, when every load of lumber cost two days' time and ever so much money, they could not build a mansion, but it was so far in advance of the majority of the houses in the settlement as to have a shingled roof, but Willis looked upon it with feelings of humiliation. This little, unplastered, unpainted house, was the home which Belle had relinquished every comfort and even luxury to share with him. But the waning state of his finances, and the fact that the first year's provisions were all to buy, warned him to desist from further outlay, and so he pictured to her imagination the lovely home that should be theirs when the tide of emigration, rolling westward, should cause a city to spring up along the shores of the lake, and that very spot would be the "Saratoga of the West."

O that beautiful by and by! It shines like a glowing star in the sky of the pioneer, throwing the glad light of its promise over every hardship, leading on like a beacon light over stormy times and rugged pathways—the one hope that conquers the wilderness and builds cities in its place.

Willis's house was considered quite an aristocratic affair by the neighboring settlers, and when he came home from the railroad terminus with a table, a bedstead, and a set of chairs, including a rocking-chair, he was looked upon as a man of ample means, to say the least, and it required all of Belle's powers of sociability to keep from being considered "stuck-up," for, having nothing else, she was obliged to wear her pretty and fashionable dresses, which were the wonder, if not the admiration, of her very plainly dressed neighbors.

"Belle," said Willis, one day, "we have a new neighbor, only about a mile distant, and the social rules of this community will require you to visit her. The more settlers, the sooner we shall enjoy the privileges of older places, and, of course, we welcome every new-comer heartily; besides, the woman may be a great deal of company for you."

And so Belle put on her hat and gloves, determined to adapt herself to the customs of the country, and not to be at all lacking in sociability. She presented herself at the door of the shanty, which was opened by the lady of the house, a tall, angular specimen of femininity, who greeted her with the words:

"How d'ye do? Come in, if you can git in for the dirt. Clarinda, take yer bunnit off in that box an' give the lady a seat. Mary Ann, wash Sukey's face an' put a clean apron on Tommy, if he's got any. William Henry, do stand back an' stop starin' at the lady as if ye hadn't no manners at all. How long have ye bin livin' here?"

"Only a few days," replied Belle, glancing at the group of children of all ages from fourteen years to six weeks.

"I reckoned so," replied the hostess, gazing curiously at Belle's dress. "I'm right glad to see ye; it allers seems so kind o' strange an' lonesome when ye first go to a new place. Joe Barnaby, drive that dog out-door. This don't seem much like it did back in old Missouri, not a tree nor a bush in sight. Timber grew thar, an' so did apples. Lor', but wouldn't these young uns give the world to be back in their grandpap's orchard? But Josiah (that's my man), he says we will soon be better off here than we ever were there, the farmin' land is so much better."

After listening to this entertaining conversation for half an hour, Belle caught the sound of a sweet, girlish voice singing outside the shanty. There seemed so much of purity and refinement in the words, something so unlike the rough, uncouth surroundings, and, above all, so much of sweetness and melody in the voice, that Belle listened with interest.

"Is that one of your daughters that I hear singing that beautiful song?" she asked.

"No, that's his sister's girl that we're takin' care of. Her mother was the only daughter in a family of half a dozen boys; they was well to do an' proud as could be over that girl. They was goin' to make a lady of her, they was. Land o' mercy, how they dressed her! Such clothes as other girls wore to meetin' an' to Sunday-school was hardly good for her to wear every day. They sent her to school while the boys stayed at home an' worked, and, when she was sixteen, what does she do but up and run away with her music-teacher! I tell you they was taken down. Her mother cried an' her father swore, and they all said they'd kill him if they ever set eyes on him. She wrote one letter an' they sent it back to her, an' they never heard no more from her for nigh onto five years, an' then a letter came, writ by a stranger

sayin' that he was dead an' she was sick and a failin' right along, an' frettin' all the time about her little girl four years old, an' if they wanted to see her alive they must come right away. Her father an' mother went down to Cincinnati an' found her. She was almost gone, but she opened her eyes and said, 'Mother, take my little girl and forget—' That was all. It would make ye shudder to hear how her father cursed her husband, an' Isis was just the very picter of him, so it wasn't nat'ral that he should like her.

"The very name was one of his hislutin' fancies. There was plenty of good old-fashioned names in the family—Mary Ann, Martha Mariar, and Clarinder an' Betsey and Emeline—but none o' them would do. They brought the child home, an' she did nothin' but cry, cry, cry! She'd even sob in her sleep, an' finally her grandfather was that done out with her that he told her if she didn't shut up he'd give her a good wollopin'. But just then Josiah, he up an' says, says he: 'Father, that's Eva's child, an' if she can't have the consolation o' grievin' over her dead mother in your ample house, there'll always be a corner for her in my cabin, an' I hope the time never'll come that there aint room for one more.' And he took her right up in his arms, sayin': 'Come here, you poor little motherless lamb, Uncle Jo' will take care of ye,' an' she wound her arms around his neck, an' cuddled her head down on his shoulder; an' what does he do but come marchin' home with her for me to do for, an' four of my own to look after besides. Says I: 'Josiah Barnaby, you had no business to interfere when her grandfather went to correct her. If you'd a jest let him tack her an' thoroughly conkered her, as he did you an' the rest o' the family, that would 'a' been the end of it; but, of course, sich actions as this is goin' to spile her. I've got enough o' my own to 'tend to, an' I aint a' goin' to be bothered with her.' An' says he: 'Belinda, I let you have your own way about nine times out o' ten, but this is my time, an' jest as long as there's a shingle left on my cabin it shall shelter this child the same as it does mine.' And when he came right out like that I knowed 'twasn't no kind o' use to say any more, an' I let her stay. I wanted to leave her when we came away, an' he said he had some faint recollections of how things was when he was small, an' she wasn't a' goin' to stay there an' be scolded an' slapped around because somebody didn't like her father, and so we brought her along. But she's of no earthly account; she grows more and more like him every day of her life, an' it makes me that mad when she sits down—with that dreamy, far-away

look in her eyes, just like he did, that I can hardly keep from hittin' her over the head with the rollin'-pin."

Every word went home to Belle's heart, and she felt an irresistible desire to see the child who was guilty of the great crime of being "just like her father," and she felt sure that, even if "Uncle Jo" were gaunt, grim, grizzled, and homely, she should always regard him with feelings of respect and friendship.

"I would like to hear the song, if you will have the kindness to ask her," said she.

"Hwar, Isis!" called Mrs. Barnaby.

A slender girl, apparently about fourteen years of age, with a refined and sensitive face, with cheeks just tinted with color—contrasting with Mary Ann's glowing ruddiness—pretty, in spite of the bare feet and unbecoming dress, came to the door.

"Come in huer an' sing that song for the lady," commanded Mrs. Barnaby.

The sensitive face flushed with painful embarrassment and the girl hesitated.

"Come, now, yer always a singin' when nobody wants to hear ye; don't go to bein' hateful and contrary now," said Mrs. Barnaby. "Her father taughted her that song afore he died, an' she's always a singin' it, till we git sick an' tired o' hearin' it."

Thus exhorted, the girl began. Embarrassed and frightened, the tones trembled at first, but as she proceeded present surroundings seemed unfelt, that "dreamy, far-away look" came into her eyes, as if the song brought with it some unseen and strengthening presence, invisible to all but her. The angelic sweetness of the voice, so pure and clear in its warbling melody, with the touching expression of the singer, as well as the beauty and power of the words, brought the tears to the listeners' eyes.

"For all the world like her father, his voice, his looks exactly; fit for nothin' but singin'," said Mrs. Barnaby, contemptuously, "though she does tote the baby around a powerful sight, but it's nothin' compared with the task o' sup-portin' her."

Belle's sympathies were deeply enlisted in favor of the sweet orphan girl, although she little dreamed at the time of what she was to be to her, and she went away thinking—"O what would I give for the society of just one educated, refined, and intelligent woman."

The romance of the situation had faded into actual reality. The work of "transforming the wilderness" had practically begun; Willis had plowed and planted, and, like all the others, was awaiting the harvest, which for the first year is sure to be scanty, in spite of all high-colored assertions to the contrary. The principal thing

raised upon the first plowing is about half a crop of corn, which never yields as it does after the turf has become thoroughly rotted and mixed with the soil. But vines of all kinds do well, if properly planted, from the very first. With the usual improvidence of beginners, they had neglected to provide themselves with any kind of garden seeds, and had it not been for the generous disposition to divide, inherent among all pioneers, they must have foregone the luxury of the melons, squashes, cucumbers, citrons, etc., which Belle anxiously watched through all their growth. And while waiting for their development how she did long for a dish of berries from her mother's garden, or an apple from the thrifty orchard; and as she sat alone day after day in the little building which was their home, while her husband was busy elsewhere, is it any wonder that her heart turned longingly, lovingly back to the old home she had left, perhaps forever? Letters came from brothers and sisters, like voices from a far-off land, in memory calling her back to scenes that seemed like Eden itself, compared with the drearily quiet and lonely days that drifted o'er her. But though she did weep over the letters in her husband's absence, she always laid them aside, saying loyally, "If it must be Eden without Willis, or the wilderness with him, I'll share the wilderness. Better days *will* come, they *surely* will."

But Willis had the unconstant temperament of his father, and when his finances had become so reduced that he was obliged to be content with the usual fare of a pioneer during the first year, he shrank from the privation.

He had purchased a cow when they first came, and now their only fare consisted of bread and butter and such game as his rifle furnished them, and as day after day drifted by in monotonous loneliness, his patience and courage seemed to forsake him utterly, and one day in a fit of despondency, he said, "Belle, I wish that we had never come to this place!"

"Why?" she asked, looking up inquiringly.

"Why?" he repeated. "What is the use of living in such a dull, dreary, monotonous place as this? I feel as if we were buried alive. No society, no luxury, not even a decent plenty; there is a vast difference between the romance of life on the border of which we read and the reality which we experience, and what makes it worse is the utter hopelessness of getting back from whence we came; my father encumbered his property to give me the means with which to come, so I can expect no further help from that source, and here we are almost on the verge of starvation, and I know not what to do next. I would rather sell my team to obtain

money with which to return, and work for our support in a civilized part of the country, than to waste the best years of our lives in waiting for this region to develop."

It was then that the sturdy independence and unflinching self-reliance of the Morgan family asserted itself in this delicate, sensitive, and refined woman. This diminutive bit of femininity, so fair and fragile that she seemed more fit to be the crowning ornament of some proud ancestral home than to cope with the stern realities about her, stood there inspiring faith and courage in the strong man in whom it was so sadly wanting.

"Willis," she said, "it needs only the presence of more people to drive all semblance of loneliness from the place, and the time will surely come. What will become of the city that was to be built upon the borders of this very lake?"

"It will come in time, I have no doubt, but it may be ten years hence, and who wants to waste the best years of his life in waiting for Time's slow march to bring comforts which he has enjoyed all his life before?"

"Willis," said Belle, earnestly, "the time spent in building, beautifying, and improving the land which you have often told me could be made to rival the homes which we have left, is not wasted. We shall only be doing for ourselves what our fathers did for themselves. We might enjoy more of present comfort by returning, but ten years hence would find us poor people of the East, working in some other's vineyard, while if we remain we shall be the independent owners of a rich and fertile farm of our own. Let us devote five years to planting trees, shrubbery, and everything that our fathers have done before yielding to depression and discouragement. Good soil, good water, and prospective railroads justify the belief that this will be a valuable and productive region, and let us not resign our hope of future prosperity and independence by shrinking from the labor through which it must be procured."

"But our finances are utterly exhausted; there is no money here, and the only chance of earning a dollar is in freighting provisions from the terminus of the railroad to the new town, now growing up with astonishing rapidity, seventy-five miles west of us on Salt Creek. Capitalists have gone there and are engaged in directing the salt mines of the place, and the rapidity with which people are crowding in causes an immense demand for such work; but I should be compelled to be from home at least five days during every trip, and I could not take you to and fro between the town and the

station, as I did when I was hauling the lumber for this house," said Willis.

"Well, I am ever so much older now, and I'll think of some way to arrange it," replied Belle, although her heart sank in dismay at thought of the dreadful loneliness, not unmingled with fear, that would be hers in his absence.

"Our land lies directly upon the road, so that I could stay at home one night upon every trip each way. It would take me two days to go to the station and come back as far as this; then it would take five days to go to the new town and return, but I should be earning four dollars per day."

Of all the trials that she had endured, this seemed the crowning hardship. She could scarcely reconcile herself to the thought of passing a night in that lonely place without him, but perhaps Isis would come and stay with her; pioneer women were always brave, and she could not afford to be an exception. She realized that they could not afford to lose the opportunity of earning money for their winter supplies, but she could scarcely sleep that night for the dread of those lonely nights. How she did hope that the coyotes would not howl during his absence.

Nevertheless, she resolutely summoned courage; willing permission was given Isis to come, with the additional offer of her Cousin John, a stalwart lad of sixteen years, to stay nights.

Thus provided with company, she assured Willis that she should not be at all afraid, and he started upon his mission.

The second evening he returned with his freight, and was met by Belle with the assurance that she had experienced far less of loneliness than she had anticipated; that John's presence with a trusty rifle had banished all her fears, and that she had found a new and worthy occupation in teaching Isis to read and write.

He went away on the following day, and, at the close of the third day, arrived at his place of destination.

The town was utterly unlike any Eastern village that he had ever seen. Everything seemed brimming over with busy, active, bustling life. Long rows of wooden buildings lined the streets, while the sound of saws and hammers everywhere told how many were taking advantage of the offer of a lot to all who would build upon it. Team after team came in, with wagons loaded with building material, provisions, merchandise, etc., and each new-comer desiring to accept a lot and build a house was cordially welcomed by the proprietors themselves.

There were no costly carriages, no stately mansions, no moneyed aristocracy—but every

man alike, free to mingle with the best or worst, as his fancy led him. After feeding his team and unloading his wagon, Willis strolled about to look at this strange medley called a town. To him everything was new, novel, and exciting.

"This is more like living," he thought, as he stood watching the human tide that hurried by with quick, active, energetic steps, their minds on business bent, and contrasted it with the still and quiet days upon his claim.

A cloud of dust came rolling into town, and, as it cleared away, he saw that it had concealed a score of Western cowboys, who came galloping up with belts filled with cartridges and six-shooters buckled firmly about their waists and long lariat ropes fastened to their saddles and the money from a recent pay-day in their pockets.

They halted in front of an eating and drinking saloon, took a drink all around, then went out to picket their horses upon the prairie.

There is a real *genuineness* about everything Western, and the rowdy is no exception to the rule. There is no smattering of half-way politeness about him, no trying to affect anything that he is not, but he is just exactly what he is, and pretends to nothing else.

Willis was standing in front of the building when they returned—these jolly, rollicking, whole-souled, free-and-easy fellows, ready to share the last dollar with a friend or to discharge a six-shooter at an enemy—firm friends or inveterate foes, just which you made them.

"Come in, pard, and have a drink and take a game," said the foremost, as they came up to where Willis was standing.

"I'd like to, comrade," he answered, "but the fact is, I'm dead broke—haven't had a job the whole summer, and I couldn't pay my share to save me; so I'll stand back and see the rest of you enjoy yourselves."

"Blame the difference," replied the first speaker; "you're a real, whole-souled, good-natured, jolly, generous fellow. I can tell one as far off as I can a sneak and a thief. You'd treat the whole outfit if you could afford it, and you shan't go hungry nor thirsty as long as a cowboy from Harrimon's ranch has a dime left in his pocket," and seizing Willis by the shoulders, he shoved him into the building and thus introduced him:

"Jolly cowboys from the Herrimon ranch, here's a real, generous, free-and-easy, number one fellow what declines our invitation to jine us because he's broke and can't keep up his end o' the whistle-tree. I believe every word that he says, but jest to satisfy the minds o' the skeptical, we'll turn his pockets inside out.

Shell out, old pard, and prove the truth o' my statements."

Willis turned every pocket, and also his purse, in the presence of the company.

"Now, boys, he's proved that he's no fraud, and I motion that each one of us gives him a dollar, so he can start on an equal basis with the rest of us."

Instantly, twenty hands went down into twenty pockets, and twenty silver dollars lay shining on the table.

"There, pard, take that, and begin life anew."

Willis hesitated.

"Take it, I tell ye!" yelled the orator, and Willis advanced and put the money in his pocket, and mounting upon an oil barrel, he made a speech to the jolly boys of the Herrimon ranch that sent every hat swinging in the air, while the building fairly trembled with the uproarious applause with which his words were greeted.

As he finished his address he was fairly carried to the bar and made to participate in another 'drink all around.'

It was the same element whose society he had enjoyed in the city in his dissolute moods, in its crudest, roughest state.

"This beats all the good fellows that I ever knew clear out of sight," thought Willis. "Tom Sheldon, Mark Singleton, and all the rest were hearty, generous fellows, but an aristocratic appearance and full confidence in his ability to bear his share of the expenses was the only basis upon which an invitation was ever extended to a stranger."

The situation was new, novel, and exciting, such a contrast to the dull, monotonous life that he had been living, that, knowing the utter impossibility of declining the generosity of the boys and drawn by his own natural inclination, Willis entered into the scene of boisterous merriment with all the zest of a pleasure long withheld.

He sent them into convulsions of laughter at his witticisms, he played poker with a skill that astonished them, and at every winning called all the boys to the bar and paid the money out for their entertainment.

"We can't part with you this way, pard; you've got to go down to the ranch with us and stay a week," said the orator who had introduced Willis to the company, and the proposition was greeted with unanimous applause by all the rest.

Willis attempted to speak.

"No excuses; you said you was out of a job and we'll give you one. Come, boys, let's take another drink all around to the health of our

new comrade," yelled the orator, and, like every other proposal, this was instantly accepted.

At this very moment Belle was almost counting the hours that must elapse before his return, and mentally declaring that his absence was the very hardest trial that she had been compelled to bear.

CHAPTER V.

THE festivities of the jolly boys of Hermon's ranch were continued until a late hour, and one by one they dropped down upon the floor and went to sleep, Willis among the rest.

He looked about him dreamily as he opened his eyes upon the following morning, but his friend of the night before soon caused him to collect his scattered senses by giving him a vigorous slap upon the back and repeating the invitation to go with them to the ranch only ten miles distant.

"Taint often that we run across such a jolly, comical feller, and we don't propose to let ye go, any more 'n we would a grizzly after we had him safely caged," said the man, appreciatively.

It seemed like sacrilege to mention Belle's name in such a place, but Willis did not wish to offend the boys who had treated him with so much crude generosity, and there seemed no other way.

"I'll tell you just how it is, comrade," he said, hesitatingly; "I am a thousand times obliged to you; you have treated me with a generosity that I never saw equaled before, and I would like nothing better than a visit to your ranch, but the fact is I have a wife at home and I came here after provisions; we are almost out, and I have never left her alone until now; she will look for me to-morrow night just as long as she can see, and it wouldn't be right for me to leave her alone, almost destitute of the necessities of life, while I go off enjoying good company and good fare. I leave it to you to say, now, would you call it exactly square?"

"No, 'twouldn't be a fair deal, and if she's a good woman you can't be too good to her, and, under the circumstances, we'll let you off this time," said the man, slowly, as if some old-time memory had been awakened by the mentioning of wife and home, and, after shaking hands with the boys and another "drink all around," Willis was allowed to depart.

He was very well aware of the fact that the manner in which he had passed the night was no credit to his manhood, but by reflecting that many a man would have done worse, he convinced himself that, *comparatively speaking*, he was quite an example of virtue, when, in reality,

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the only redeeming feature of the case was that he had squandered none of his earnings, but kept the sum entire with which to purchase supplies for his household.

And Belle met him with no suspicion of his late indulgence, only a glad light of love and welcome beaming from her eyes when he returned.

And all through the autumn he followed the occupation of freighting, earning enough for their winter support and to make a payment of fifty dollars on the land, as required by the law on a pre-emption claim.

But there came a time when she could not count with unerring certainty upon the time of his returning, and the tempting supper which she always had in readiness when he came home tired and hungry after a long day's drive, spoiled with long waiting, and the light which she placed in the window when darkness found her still watching, cast its inviting radiance far out over the prairie in vain; for sometimes a whole day, and sometimes two, went by in anxious watching and waiting for his coming; and at such times he returned with less money and fewer provisions, on account of having "bad luck," as he expressed it.

There may be truth in the old adage, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and Belle believed and trusted, with never a doubt of the truth of her husband's excuses, and cheered him in his despondent moods and encouraged him with the promise of future prospects when, tired of the monotony of the place, he was fain to abandon it for the busier haunts of men.

And Isis had become a permanent resident in their home. What a comfort she was to Belle in the long, wearisome days of her husband's absence! And she was the first real, sensitive, refined, kind-hearted, and intelligent woman that the girl had ever known, her only true friend, save "Uncle Jo," and she clung to Belle with all the impulsive affection of her ardent nature. Quick to learn, anxious to please, intelligent, with a natural refinement of mind and manner, she soon became as ladylike in appearance as Belle herself. She learned to read and write with astonishing rapidity, and her sweet, birdlike voice improved visibly under the instruction and encouragement which her new friend gave her. And, through every hardship and privation, Belle never lost sight of that "beautiful home of the future" which would be theirs when their industry had made it.

One day she received a letter from her brother, John Morgan, in which he asked: "Is there anything here that you would like to have, Belle?" and she answered back: "Yes, John, please send

me five hundred peach-pits from your choicest trees and a few blackberry and raspberry plants from the old garden, and some school-books for my adopted daughter?"

The books came by return mail, and the pits, and in due season, a box, containing the required plants and many more.

The next spring all these things were planted, and, with a tender, almost loving, interest, Belle watched the growth of every youthful tree, shrub, and vine, that seemed like friends from a far-off home. And one night, when Willis came from the station, he brought a large box, which nearly filled his wagon to the exclusion of everything else.

To Belle's infinite delight it was found to contain a piano, an instruction book for Isis, and a large package of music, including all the old songs that they used to sing at home, and a paper lying inside told the story, "A birthday present from your brother John; may its echoes recall his memory."

Belle actually wept with joy and thankfulness, and to Isis, who had never caught the sound of an instrument since the death of her parents, it seemed like some mysterious voice echoing from the shores of an unknown world. For more than an hour the husband and wife sang together, while she played the songs they used to sing, and it was the last thing of which she thought when slumber closed her eyes, and the first upon awakening. To her brother she wrote:

"Dear, kind, and generous brother, you have not only bestowed a choice and costly gift upon me, which will be the source of many a happy hour, but you have placed within my reach the means by which I may help to improve the God-given talent of another. May you live to see and know the amount of good which your generosity has bestowed."

A course of thorough instruction for Isis was immediately begun, and with her wondrous power of melody and her whole soul in the work, Belle saw that to her care and training had been given a bud of great promise.

The girl never seemed to tire of the study, but it was as if a new world of pleasure had been opened before her. But like every other household changes came, and one morning Isis returned after spending the night with her cousins, to find a tiny form nestling upon Belle's bosom, and a new joy and light in the household.

"Look, Isis!" It was Willis that called her, and exhibited the wee winsome daughter with all the pride and happiness of a father over the first-born.

The girl uttered an exclamation of delight, as

she raised the little form in her arms, saying: "It was the only thing in the world that we really needed, and here it is."

Belle smiled, with a happy, joyous light in her eyes, as she heard her baby's welcome, and then a tender, thoughtful expression came over her features as she looked at Isis, and she breathed a prayer that her treasure might never be an unwelcome guest in another household, as the girl who held her child so lovingly had been. This was the one great evil ever to be avoided; the thought nerved Belle to the endurance of many a hardship, and sustained her through many a trial.

Five years had passed away, and many of her hopes in the improvement of their home had been realized. Fruit trees were already beginning to bear, and long rows of raspberry and blackberry plants laden with luscious fruit gave proof of the care with which they had been cultivated, while abundant harvests repaid Willis for his labor in the fields. Two children blessed the household with the sunshine of their presence, and Isis was a beautiful young lady, with quite as good an education as the majority of girls of her age, and a far better performer upon the piano, for, with all the advantages which she had enjoyed, Belle was perfectly capable of teaching her.

But the years had not been all sunshine by any means. The wife could not always remain in ignorance of her husband's doubtful propensities.

On more than one occasion his breath had betrayed him, and one evening he came home after a protracted absence, and taking off his coat threw it upon a chair. Belle picked it up, and was about to lay it away, when a bottle half filled with whisky fell upon the floor and was broken in pieces.

Willis's face crimsoned with shame and confusion, while Belle stood looking at him with all the words of her father's warning crowding upon her mind.

He had already tried to convince her of the advantages to be derived from mortgaging the farm to raise money for paying investments, and as she saw this unmistakable proof of a downward course, she thought, "Is this a preliminary step toward squandering our home, and compelling me to ask aid from the parents whom I deserted, and shelter for my children beneath their roof? Is the fate of Isis and Mellie Lee's helpless little ones in store for mine?" Then, as if thinking aloud, she exclaimed, "I'll die first."

"What do you mean?" he asked, in almost angry confusion.

"Willis," she said, with a voice trembling in its earnestness, "there lies the secret of all my

father's opposition to our union. You promised better things when I left my home to follow you, and I believed and trusted, and now, with two helpless children to love and care for, the thought that this very cause might compel me to accept shelter for your children beneath their roof—"

"Belle," interrupted Willis, with more of sternness in his tones than he had ever expressed before, "your words are positively insulting; what *can* happen to bring about such a result as the one to which you refer?"

"What *cannot* happen, when this habit becomes firmly fixed upon the head of a household? You know that strong men become as helpless as babes in its grasp, and *never*, since I first detected the odor of that vile poison upon your breath, have I passed a day or night in your absence that was not filled with dread and apprehension. I know something of the rougher element of Western society; I know that the men who frequent places where strong drink is sold wear bowie knives and revolvers as commonly as they do their clothing; your own temper is quick and excitable, and when all are mad with drink I shudder to think what terrible things might befall you. When I see you start away there is not one moment until you return that I do not pray that you may not be brought home to us the lifeless victim of some midnight carousal." Her face was pale with excitement, and her features wore an expression as if the very scenes were taking place before her eyes.

Willis was touched in spite of his anger.

"Belle," he said, soothingly, "do not fret for me; I am not worthy of half your care and solicitude"

"Willis," she answered, earnestly, "if I had ceased to love you there might be some reason in telling me not to care, but with my very life bound up in yours, knowing that all the years to come would be sad and joyless without you, how can I rest content, with the constant fear before me that he in whose love and companionship I find my greatest joy and happiness may at that very moment be in deadly peril from his own reckless habits?"

"Belle," he answered, "I have touched the poison for the last time; but your fears are utterly groundless; there is no danger from the source of which you speak, but rest content in my promise hereafter."

And Willis was in earnest; his love for his wife and children was a strong element in his nature, and so was his liking for the exciting glass and the congenial companions of a midnight carousal.

And yet Willis was not, in the general ac-

ceptance of the term, a bad man. It is not necessary that either man or woman should be a demon in order to fill the lives of those most near and dear with constant dread and apprehension, and I am painting no extreme and improbable character, only giving the reader a glance at the inner life of many and many who utter no complaint and give no sign.

There would be weeks at a time when he would stay at home and attend to the work upon the farm with apparent content and the most exemplary steadiness; then there would be a necessity for his going to some of the freighting towns, and it seemed as if he could not come in contact with that congenial element without being drawn into their midst.

There was a large cattle ranch fifteen miles to the westward, and upon some of his expeditions he made the acquaintance of the boys, a dozen or more in number, and was always treated with the most unbounded hospitality and even generosity by them, and it was not to be supposed that Belle could always remain in ignorance of their existence.

One day she was terror-stricken to see Willis enter the house with an athletic specimen of these characters.

The stranger was dressed in a coarse hunting-shirt, brown overalls, and buckskin leggings trimmed with fringe made from leather thongs. He wore a broad-brimmed hat and a belt, from which gleamed two shining revolvers and a row of cartridges. A single glance at her husband's flushed face revealed the fact that he had been drinking, and had an angry tiger stood in her doorway Belle could not have been seized with a deadlier terror.

The stranger had imbibed just enough to make him sociable without interfering with his senses, and he gave a start of surprise as his glance fell upon Belle, Isis, and the children; for, in addition to the one previously mentioned, a sweet baby boy was just learning to take his first steps.

He advanced and took the seat which Willis offered him with the air of one who is sure of his welcome; and, considering the number of times which Willis had shared the hospitality of the ranch, he had a perfect right to do so. He drew a pack of cards from his pocket and reached them across the table to Willis, saying: "Shuffle 'em up, pard, an' see who gits the first deal."

While Willis was handling the cards, his keen, observant eyes wandered about the room, taking note and making mental comment upon everything he saw. He looked at Belle scrutinizingly for a moment, then at Isis and the children, then reached for the cards and re-

placed them in his pocket and fixed his keen eyes upon Willis's face for a moment in silence, then said to Belle:

"Madam, yer afeard o' me, but you've no need to be. I wouldn't harm ye, nor them purty little ones, a bit quicker'n I'd blow my own blarsted head off. If there's a bein' on earth that I respect and reverence it's a good woman, and it does seem as if it's always some good-for-nothin' cur, that aint worth powder enough to blow him up, that gits one." Then, turning to Willis, he said: "What did you bring me here for, anyhow? how did I know but what you was some blarsted old bach from the East, instead of bein' the head of a family—and such a family as this is? what business have you out among a set o' fellers like us, when you've a beautiful, delicate, an' ladylike wife and two purty children? I'll wager my head agin the poorest pony on the ranch that she was some innocent and trustin' girl, that you coaxed off away from a comfortable home with all the promises that you could pile between the earth and skies—of how you'd treat her when you got her; and now, when she can't help herself, you go off and leave her, night after night, in fear and loneliness, while you are carousin' round with a set o' chaps who has only ourselves to look after. That's a purty way to do, aint it, now?"

"I had a sister once, as pretty and sweet a little creetur as the sun ever shone upon, and she run away and married a smooth, palaverin', good-lookin' chap about like you. I was gone when they left, but when I got back I hunted for that feller a'most two years; and one night I run across him in a gamblin'-house way out West, while she was all alone in a shanty out on the prairie, with only her baby for company, and I kicked the cuss all the way home, a matter o' nigh onto five miles, an' told him to stay thar.

"And I had a wife o' my own once, that I married when I wasn't more'n about twenty-two years old. Didn't I worship the very ground she walked upon? I'd 'a' given my life for her any time, and we took a claim and was doin' right well, but somehow she never was contented on the farm, and she coaxed me to sell out and live in town, and what does she do but run away

with a handsome gambler, while I was hauling freight for the new town, trying to earn money in an honest way to support her respectably. I'd 'a' killed 'em both if I'd 'a' found 'em, I'll do it yet if I ever come across 'em, but it broke me completely up, and it's no matter what becomes of me now, there's no one to care.

"But it *beats the very devil*, that when a man gits a real lady like your'n, sweet, winsome, and true, one that'll stand by him through thick an' thin, strengthenin' him in his weakness, comfortin' him in his trouble, sustainin' him when he'd sink without her, and starve with him rather than live in luxury without him, he don't know enough to appreciate her; but goes off neglectin' and abusin' her, while there's many a better man who would have made her a good and kind husband gits a wife like mine. O Lord! it's too bad, too bad!" and Daring Ned leaned back in his chair with a gesture of despair, and looked at the children clinging to Belle, with the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"What do you mean by such talk as this?" questioned Willis, angrily. "I can protect my wife and children without any of your interference, and I do not propose to listen to any lectures from you."

"You poor, miserable, sneakin', good-for-nothin', howlin' coyote, you can't pectect yerself," replied Daring Ned, gazing contemptuously upon his host, whose flushed face gave unmistakable evidence of gathering wrath.

"Get out of my house this instant, or I'll throw you through the roof," shouted Willis, advancing toward the stranger threateningly.

"You will!" said the guest, without rising from his chair, or betraying any emotion, save that of unmitigated contempt, while Willis moved toward him, with brain so much heated by drink that he was likely at any moment to overstep the bounds of prudence, for even had not the shining revolvers gleamed from the stranger's belt, his superior strength would have made him more than a match for any ordinary man.

Belle was white with terror.

"Willis, for Heaven's sake, don't!" she shrieked, but mad with drink, and enraged by the stranger's words, he gave no heed to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"FOR THE TIME BEING."

"For the time being?"

How long is that? A space as brief

As takes the whirling autumn leaf

To reach the sward, the April flake

To change to dew, the wave to break

Now shoreward fleeing?

"For the time being?"

(It is thy word.) Thou dost not know.

Such promise will not let thee go;

Since time shall never cease to be,

I ask but this—that thou'lt love me

"For the time being."

MANNA'S MISTAKE.

By M. A. J. K.

THERE was a dilemma in the affairs of the Linnet household. Right in the midst of the spring housecleaning, Mrs. Linnet had slipped on the back steps and sprained her ankle. Grandmother Linnet had taken one of her "spells," and the colored woman, whose help had usually proved sufficient in such emergencies, had gone out of the village to nurse a sick woman. The whole burden of the work then fell on the shoulders of Amanda, the young daughter of the house, now seventeen years old.

"Never you mind, mother," she said, cheerfully; "don't you fret. I'm thankful you're not hurt any worse. You can do the sewing, and I'll be painter, carpenter, and maid-of-all-work. We'll astonish the natives with the improvements we'll manage to bring about in the next few days. I'll send to the post-office by Willie Jones. Perhaps the new magazine will come to-day, and that will divert grandma for an hour or so, anyway."

Amanda, or "Manna," as she was usually called, had planned improvements to the extent of new wall-paper, paint, and carpets in the sitting-room and dining-room. As this involved quite an outlay, and their means were limited, she had concluded to reduce expenses by doing as much as possible of the work herself. She had already given some of the wood-work one coat of paint; now, after making grandmother comfortable and getting the breadths of the lounge-cover, spools, needles, etc., within her mother's reach, she went to her work of putting on the second coat of paint in the sitting-room.

"This dark cherry-red will harmonize with the delicate browns in that carpet I saw down at Flint's nicely," she said to herself. "That old arm-chair I will sandpaper and paint a little lighter color and cushion with what's left of the lounge cover; then, with those cream-colored curtains that I mean to get looped back from the windows, this room will be the pleasantest room in the house."

"Manna!" her mother's voice interrupted her soliloquy. There was a shade of anxiety, or something of the kind, in the quick tone, "Manna."

"Yes, mother; here I am. What is it? No bad news I hope," for her mother held an open letter in her hand.

"Well, at any other time we would have considered it very good news, but now—"

"There, it's company of some kind; I know by your look. Come, let me know the worst. Does Mrs. Jones and family threaten us with a visitation? It's too early in the season for visitors from the city, though, and I believe I can stand anything else. Who is it, anyway?"

"You don't give me a chance to tell you," answered her mother. "Here, read the letter yourself."

"Father and his father were old friends and schoolmates, he says," said Manna, after glancing through the letter. "As he has to pass through this village on his way North, his father wishes him to stop and visit us. This he expects to do soon, not merely to gratify his father, but also because of his own desire to renew the friendship between the families. O dear! why could he not have been more definite? 'Soon!' Why, that may be to-morrow or next week. Let us hope it may not be until next week. Did you ever see this Mr. Barton, mother? Is he nice?"

"I have never seen him since he was a child," returned her mother; "but if he is anything like his father his friendship is to be valued. He was your father's firmest friend. For this reason I wish we might be able to entertain his son suitably."

"Well, matters are not so bad as they might be, after all, mother," said Manna, cheerfully. "As good fortune will have it, the parlor is spick, span clean. The sitting-room and dining-room will be symphonies in red and brown when they are finished, but that won't be for another week, anyway. But I'll give up my room and sleep on the lounge in grandma's room while he is here. If the housecleaning were only through, so that I could do all the housework and let Clara entertain him."

"You'll have to have some help, Manna," said her mother.

"But who is there to get? Hannah is out of town. Mrs. Wells has taken to dressmaking and doesn't do housework any more. There's no one to be had."

"Didn't some one say a new man had moved into the Crosby cottage?—a house-painter, I think they said, with quite a large family to support. He might take the painting off your hands, at least. If he had no other work at

present, and being new to the village, he won't be apt to have yet, he might be induced to hang the paper, too."

"Well, I'll have Mr. Jones speak to him at noon. He goes past there to his work. So don't worry yourself, mother, about our visitor. He won't be apt to come for a week anyway, and by that time we'll be quite presentable," returned Manna.

"I wonder what this threatened visitor is like," soliloquized Manna, again busy at work, after having cut the leaves of the new magazine for grandma and wheeled her easy-chair around so that the light would fall over her shoulder on its pages; the old lady, now in her second childhood, loved to look at the pictures. "I expect he's rich and handsome. He would make a good match for Clara, no doubt. I must manage to do all the work while he is here, and let Clara have all the time she can spare from her painting classes. There, grandma's calling. I expect she has dropped her spectacles."

After threading a dozen needles for grandma, and arranging her quilt patches, it was time to prepare dinner so that it might be ready when Clara came home from her painting class.

"It's so tiresome to have to go day after day and spend all the forenoon teaching," said Manna, in her quaint fashion of talking to herself, as she sprinkled a liberal supply of raisins in the oatmeal she was cooking. "I must try and relieve Clara of all care the rest of the time. Teaching is so hard on the nerves. If she should happen to take a fancy to Mr. Barton, what a good thing it would be!"

Manna had just cleared the dinner things away when the doorbell rang.

"There's the man Mr. Jones sent. I am glad he is so prompt. You take the new magazine and sit with grandma, Clara, and I will go and set him to work;" and Manna hastened to open the door.

"Just come right in," she exclaimed, opening the hall door. "Mr. Jones gave you my message, I see. We are in quite a dilemma. I began the painting myself, and in time should have finished it; but we received news lately of the intended visit of a friend, and so are in a hurry to have it done. Then mother happened to think, as you had lately moved here, you might not be busy, and so could help us a day or two."

The young man whom Manna had ushered in stood now in the middle of the floor, gazing about him in a sort of puzzled way, but did not, as yet, seem ready to answer. So Manna went on:

"The truth is, if you have no objection, I should like you to help me to the amount of

five dollars. I have just that sum to spend in this way. Mr. Edmonds charges two dollars and a half a day for painting, I believe, and I should be willing to pay that much, at least."

"It will give me great pleasure to help you in any way I can, Miss Linnet," said the painter at last. "I am at your service as long as you need me. What shall I do first?"

So he was set to work at the painting, and Manna, relieved of that task, resumed the upholstering of a lounge that she had constructed herself. She was carefully padding it now with some worn-out comforts.

"This isn't quite right, but I don't know how to change it. Don't you think the shape of the back might be improved, Mr. —?"

"James," said the painter, as Manna hesitated.

"Manna," called grandma, in feeble, quavering tones.

"There, grandma wants me," and Manna left the room.

The painter gazed after her retreating form a full minute, then he laughed quietly, and then he turned his attention to the lounge. He made a few lines with his pencil.

"How will this do?" he asked, as Manna reappeared. "We will round this part just a little, and saw off a trifle there."

"Oh! thank you. That is just what it needs, I can see now," and the young man noticed that, although Manna was not really handsome, she had a most bewitching smile, and fine, white, even teeth. And Manna observed, when he was dexterously handling the saw she brought, that his hands were white and soft, his clothes far better than those usually worn by workmen, and that he had a handsome, intelligent face.

Clara, when she came to the door, two hours later, found them talking away as if they had been old acquaintances.

"Mr. James, sister," said Manna, by way of introduction.

Clara acknowledged the introduction by a cool bow. It did not suit her aristocratic notions of propriety that Manna should be treating in so friendly a manner this painter. She called her aside.

"Manna, do have a little sense," she said, pettishly. "Why, one would think this painter were a fine gentleman, by the way you treat him. Do have a little dignity before such people at least, and make them know their place. Here you were actually discussing Ruskin with him. It was a positive relief, though, to find your subject so harmless, for when I saw you both looking so interested, I was afraid you were detailing the family history; but perhaps you had finished that before I came in."

Manna was so used to Clara's scoldings that she did not mind them in the least. "Clara's nerves," was the apology she mentally offered for all such offenses. Now she only looked a trifle more thoughtful and serious, as she considered just how much of Clara's scolding she really deserved. If the statement of her plans for the furnishing and adornment of the two rooms could be called "family history," she was certainly culpable.

Clara returned to her fancy work. She was painting a lovely wall banner for the fair to come off in two weeks at St. Michael's Church. The church needed a new carpet, and the fair was to defray the expense. Clara was a member of St. Michael's—indeed, she had been confirmed four years before, her friend, Bertha Cummings, acting as godmother. This was while she was at St. Mary's, the seminary to which she had gone on the death of her father, and where she had spent her portion of the remnant of their property in completing her education. On coming to the village, in which they now lived, she had hastened to renew her membership. The members were among the best people of the place, and the minister was so refined and dignified in appearance, and read his sermons in such a sweet, solemn tone. So each Sunday, while Manna and her mother wended their way to the little Presbyterian chapel, Clara opened her prayer-book, her white hands contrasting so prettily with its blue plush cover, and read devoutly the responses.

"Be merciful to us, poor, miserable sinners," she would murmur in rich, mellow tones, looking all the while like a very beautiful saint indeed. Then she was so constant in her attendance on all the means of grace—sewing-circles, mite societies, church socials, and the like.

"It was so beautiful when one so young took such an interest in things spiritual," as a devout member of St. Michael's remarked to the young minister. And he blushed and wondered if she knew that he had already begun to calculate in his own mind the expenses of housekeeping and whether his limited salary, which barely provided for his own necessities, could, by any process of arithmetic, do the same when divided by two.

Clara was not entirely unconscious of all the admiration she excited; but, while she was not at all averse to being admired, she was exceedingly practical as far as matrimony was concerned. She hated poverty, and as long as there remained a vestige of a hope of bettering her financial condition she had no mind to ally herself to it. But teaching painting to a set of stupid pupils who would have exclaimed, "How lovely!" had she painted as grim a picture as

ever came from the brush of Spagnoletto was not, to Clara, an agreeable occupation. So that it might be better to ally one's self to a poverty that was not too pinching, than to keep on in a treadmill existence that was worse.

How Manna worked those two days. On the morning of the second day the painter appeared in workman's blouse and overalls. He entered into the work with nearly as much enthusiasm as Manna. They painted the woodwork; they papered the walls; he helped polish the windows. For on the evening of the second day, when Manna had tendered the five dollars, he had said:

"I am only an apprentice yet at the business, and have never charged more than a dollar and a quarter a day," and he offered her the change.

"Oh! well, keep it all, then," Manna answered, brightly, "and come again to-morrow. I shall need your services to the amount of the whole bill."

The next morning, when he came early, Manna received him gleefully. "I have such a delightful plan," she said. "We will paint the floor all around, a distance of two feet from the wall, in a sort of mosaic of walnut and cherry; then a rug twelve feet square will cover the rest. There will be a saving of at least ten or twelve yards of carpet by this arrangement."

So the floor was painted—the painter displaying great taste in getting just the right shades to harmonize with the furnishings. Then the floor of the dining-room, which chanced to be oak and showed the grain nicely, was oiled, and Manna declared her intention of making for it, also, when it became dry, a pretty rug.

"With the money I have left," she said, "I shall buy a few chairs—one easy one, maybe. This old one I have re-covered looks well, doesn't it? Clara and I had dresses of that stuff just alike. We got them cheaper by taking the two; and that is how I happened to have enough for the lounge and chair too. I have enough left for a cushion for that lounge; I think it would look better with a cushion of the same, don't you?"

The young man replied that a cushion of the same was all that was needed to make it perfection.

"I must try to make my money reach far enough to get one of those nice little wicker-work stands. It is so convenient to have something to hold one's work in the sitting-room. If one has a moment of leisure she can have some work handy in that way, and so not lose any time."

"Do you ever lose any time, Miss Linnet?"

"Oh! yes; I am a regular spendthrift in that way, Mr. James. Why, only last week I had just got the new magazine, and, as I felt a little tired, I sat down to read. Do you believe me, I never noticed how time flew until Clara came home to dinner and there wasn't any ready. She was so worried and tired, too, poor child—teaching is so hard on the nerves. Isn't it dreadful to see one that you love toiling and working every day and feel yourself powerless to help it?"

There were tears in Manna's eyes.

"Yes, it is indeed dreadful," said Mr. James, with much feeling; and he took Manna's hand between his own soft palms for a moment, and opened his lips as if he would say more. Then suddenly he released her hand and went to work, savagely driving the nails into the ottoman they were constructing out of an old box or two as if he had a spite at them.

"But then," Manna went on, beguiled into greater confidence by his evident sympathy, "I do hope it will not be so always. This gentleman whom we are expecting is wealthy, and I hope Clara will fancy him. It would be a good match for her."

"But you don't believe in marrying for riches, Miss Linnet?" asked the painter, without looking up.

"Oh! Clara has not plebeian tastes like mine. She could never be quite happy while poor. Now I enjoy working for those I love. You can't think how much pleasure I've taken in fitting up these two rooms at such small expense. The finest upholstered sofa could not give me more pleasure than I will take in that lounge we have just finished. But Clara has very refined tastes. Artists usually do, you know."

"Manna," rang out a quavering voice.

"Coming, grandma," called Manna, cheerfully, and she tripped from the room. But the door was ajar, and the workman heard grandma's fretful plaint.

"I wish you'd draw my chair around, Manna. Clara has gone out to visit a sick woman with the young minister, and left my chair so that the sun shines right in my face."

"There, grandma," came the cheerful tones of Manna a pleasure to the ear, "I will fix the curtain so. Now I will wheel your chair so that the light falls over your left shoulder according to rule. Now your footstool. Is that right?"

Then she brought the old lady a drink, and found her needle and thimble, and fixed her patchwork, and laid her spectacles near her hand.

Then she went back to work awhile before

preparing supper. That evening the painter finished his work.

"Here is some cake for your wife and children," said Manna, handing him a package as he was about to take his departure.

"For my wife," began the painter, with a look of intense surprise.

"Certainly—and the children. I made it myself," said Manna, "and can vouch for its being simple and wholesome."

The painter hesitated a moment; then he took the parcel, said "Thank you," bowed deeply, and went his way.

"For my wife and children," he murmured to himself as he went down the narrow, weedy street—"for my wife and children."

And Manna, as she went back to the kitchen, thought, "How surprised he seemed at that little act of kindness. I'm glad I thought to give him the cake."

"Here's a telegram, Manna," said her mother the next day. "It is from Mr. Barton. He regrets that circumstances compel him to defer the pleasure of visiting us for some weeks. You will have plenty of time to get everything in order now."

"And Clara can get her new spring suit finished," said unselfish Manna. "I'm especially thankful for that; so much depends upon first impressions."

Then Manna went to work again with a will. She cleaned the old sitting-room carpet, and out of the best breadths she made a nice rug for the dining-room. As the carpet was green on one side and red on the other, she made the center of the rug green, and put a border around it of the red, with quite a pretty effect. Then she put down the pretty new ingrain in the sitting-room, with its pattern of trailing vines and ferns in delicate shades of brown and crimson; and put up the chintz lambrequins, also brown and crimson, with ferns and pale arbutus sprinkled over; and under these the cream-tinted, lace cheese-cloth curtains, that softened without excluding the light. Then the lounge with its crimson cover and luxurious cushions; the easy chairs and ottomans, the brackets and cunning little shelves, with their dainty lambrequins, were put in place; Clara added two of her best landscapes, some plaques and other little painted trifles, that gave an air of artistic refinement as Manna said. Indeed, when everything was in place, the room was the very picture of cozy comfort—much prettier than the parlor, they all said, though the parlor had not one article of home-made furniture in it, being furnished quite handsomely.

Mr. Barton came at the time appointed. He was tall, handsomely formed, with good features,

which might be plainly seen, for he wore neither beard nor mustache. But he did wear a pair of gold spectacles or eye-glasses. He made himself agreeable to all the family, accompanying Clara to the seminary in the morning, and then, returning, discussed the last novel or the latest scientific or metaphysical theories with Manna, and yet found time to read and thread needles for grandma and talk to Mrs. Linnet. But there was one fact evident to all the household except Manna herself. Though kind to all the others, he was especially attentive to her. He seemed to divine her slightest, unspoken wish. His eyes rested upon her as she flitted about engaged in household tasks, or sat sewing while they talked, with something more than friendly interest in their depths. Manna, all unconscious, worked away, bearing as much of the burden of household cares as possible, trying to have everything so dainty and nice that Clara's fastidious tastes should not be shocked, and giving her as much leisure as possible. But Mrs. Linnet having recovered from her lameness, insisted on again resuming a portion of the work. And, somehow, Manna's little attempts at slipping away and leaving the other two young people *tête-à-tête* seemed always to be frustrated. She was always immediately wanted, on such occasions, to play an accompaniment to a duet they wished to sing, or her opinion was necessary to settle some disputed point.

She had a vague feeling of having been acquainted with Mr. Barton before. He seemed strangely familiar. She could not remember ever having seen him, but the tones of his voice seemed in a vague way to recall past associations of some kind. She would sit sometimes in a grave study, wondering where she had heard those tones before, until her companions would rally her upon her air of abstraction.

But one day she came into the sitting-room with the letters, which had just come from the post-office. There were two directed to Mr. Barton—"Mr. James Barton," was the address, written in a bold hand across the back of the envelopes.

"Mr. James—" read Manna, and could get no farther. Mr. Barton had taken off his glasses—to rest his eyes, perhaps—and now he looked up as she came in with the letters, and their eyes met. But in that one glance Manna read enough to make the color flame in her cheeks; and Clara coming in just then, she rushed upstairs to her own room. Afterward, when her mother came to her door, saying that she was wanted in the parlor to play an accompaniment while Mr. Barton and Clara sang, she excused herself from coming down that evening on the plea of a headache.

"But she was perfectly well not an hour ago," said Clara, pettishly, when her mother had delivered her message; while Mr. Barton looked perturbed and anxious.

In the morning Manna was still indisposed and did not make her appearance.

Mr. Barton was pale and troubled. He returned from his accustomed walk with Clara and then paced the room anxiously for hours.

"Are you still so ill, Manna, that you cannot come down for a little while, at least?" asked her mother. "Mr. Barton is left entirely to his own resources, and seems lonely and uncomfortable."

"Oh! don't ask me to see him, mother; I never want to see him again," said Manna, with tears in her eyes. "I'm not sick and I will come down and help do the work, if you will only not ask me to see him."

Mrs. Linnet tried in vain to reach the solution of the mystery. Had the young man been discourteous in any way?

"Oh! no, no!" cried Manna, "I am the only one who is to blame. But oh! I can never look him in the face again. Don't ask me anything more. Oh! it is too terrible!" and Manna hid her blushing face and tearful eyes.

Mrs. Linnet went down-stairs sorely puzzled. What had come over the bright spirit of her usually cheerful daughter?

At her approach Mr. Barton paused long enough in his troubled pacing to ask:

"How is Manna?"

Mrs. Linnet met his clear, earnest gaze. Surely such an open, sincere countenance could betoken only an honest heart.

"Manna is not sick," she said, "but she seems to be troubled about something. For the first time in her life she refuses to confide in her mother."

Mrs. Linnet's voice trembled a little on the last words, and she paused a moment, as if she thought the young man might offer a solution of the mystery; but he said nothing.

A gloom had fallen on the household. It was plainly discernible when Clara came home to dinner. Mr. Barton was silent and distraught and Manna still kept her own room. The afternoon wore wearily away. Clara's ease and comfort-loving nature could not brook such a disagreeable state of affairs. She went up to Manna's room to remonstrate. She sat down on the side of the bed.

"Now, Manna" she said, "I don't intend to stand this any longer. Here you are crying your eyes out in your own room and Mr. Barton looking like a statue of despair down-stairs. Have you refused him and then found out you've made a mistake?"

Manna indignantly negated this, and Clara went on:

"Well, that's one comfort, anyway. It's plain enough to any one but yourself that he is very much in love with you. I thought it would be so nice if we could be married the same day—a double wedding, you know."

Clara held up her white hand, on the first finger of which sparkled a diamond engagement ring.

"Yes, it's all settled. Charles—Mr. Raynor, I mean—has had a call to one of the first churches in the city of M—, and he gets a full thousand more than he does here," continued Clara.

Manna forgot her own woes in her surprise at this announcement.

"Do you really love him, Clara?" she asked.

Clara laughed.

"Of course, you little goose," she said; "fully enough to make life pleasant as long as his salary is to be what it is. But you haven't told me yet what it is you are worrying yourself sick about."

"It is so much worse than you have any idea of, Clara," said Manna.

But Clara insisting, she at last revealed the cause of her discomfort.

Clara's first feeling of dismay gave way to mirth as she realized the comical side of the situation. She laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"So your painter was Mr. Barton himself. How did it happen that you did not recognize him sooner? When did you make the dreadful discovery?"

"Not until yesterday," said Manna. "He had shaved his mustache, you know, and then those glasses he wore changed the expression of his face. But when I was sorting the letters I noticed the 'James' on his and then I looked up and he had laid aside his glasses, and his eyes were those of Mr. James. Then that little scar on his right hand, I noticed it for the first time since he came back, when he reached out his hand for the mail."

"Well, now that you've recognized him, Manna, what are you going to do about it?" asked Clara, in a matter-of-fact way.

Manna's face took on a frozen expression of determination.

"You don't know what all I said to him,

Clara, when I thought he was only the painter," she said; "I have thought it all over, and I don't see how I can ever have the courage to meet him again."

"Well, if that is what you have decided on," said Clara, "I suppose you will have to have your own way. But you are only adding insult to injury. You keep Mr. Barton at work at the house-cleaning nearly a week, and now that he is our guest you refuse him common courtesy and make him feel like an intruder. I would have never thought it of you, Manna."

And with this parting shot, that she knew would pierce the weakest point in Manna's armor, Clara went down-stairs.

Manna's tender heart smote her. Clara was right, no doubt. She at least could beg Mr. Barton's pardon, and show him the courtesy due to a guest during his further stay. It was her duty; and Manna never shrank from any duty, be it ever so disagreeable. Looking from her window, she saw Mr. Barton walking in a dejected way in the garden. She hastened down.

When Mr. Barton entered the grape-arbor he was in an almost despairing mood. He had found out that he could not live without Manna; and now she would not even see him. He resolved to go home the next day. It was cruel in him to stay when his presence only brought pain to her. In the midst of these reflections he felt a light hand on his arm. Turning, he beheld Manna, her eyes downcast, her cheeks crimson.

"Can you ever forgive me?" she faltered, "for that dreadful, dreadful mistake?"

"Only on one condition," returned her lover—"that you let me help you with your house-cleaning all the rest of our lives. Will you, Manna?"

And Manna answered, demurely:

"Perhaps, if your charges are always as reasonable as they were this season."

A very simple question and answer, but two supremely happy young people entered the sitting-room not long after.

The double wedding came off just as Clara had planned; and Barton never ceases to congratulate himself on what he calls "Manna's fortunate mistake," which revealed to him the depths of her unselfish nature and made him determine to woo and win her.

ONE LIFE.

TWO little hands in aimless, sweet unrest,
Two precious lips that never spoke at all;
A tired head hid upon a mother's breast,
In simple trust from all things that appall.

Two little hands clasped on a pulseless breast,
Two useless feet that never walked at all;
A sweet head turned as, in her last deep rest,
The list'ning babe had heard the angels call.

SLEEP-WALKING FREAKS.

IT is now some thirty years or more since I began life as a commercial traveler. During my travels on the road I have both seen and heard much that would make the poor, penned-up citizens open their eyes with wonder. To those who are of active habits, and to whom the trammels of office-work would prove irksome and unendurable, the life of a commercial traveler appears all that could be desired. To me, its greatest attraction consists in the never-ending change of scene and society it entails. Every day one comes in contact with strange faces, makes short, but pleasant, acquaintances, and is enabled to study character in its ever-varying forms.

It was on one of my first journeys in the Midland counties that I found myself compelled, one wet, disagreeable afternoon, to cut short my day's work and to put up at the only inn worthy of the name of which the village could boast. Fortunately, the host proved a homely, sociable fellow, ready to do all in his power to render me comfortable, so that my regret at being forced to take refuge in such an out-of-the-way place soon disappeared. After having satisfied my hunger and finished what writing I had to do, I repaired to the parlor to see what was going on; for I thoroughly enjoy a chat after my day's work, and soon manage to get on friendly terms with those whom I may meet. On this occasion there were but four persons present when I took my seat and lighted my pipe. One was a ruddy-faced countryman; another, a gentleman-farmer in the neighborhood; the third person present, a doctor from London, and the fourth, a shabby-genteel-looking individual with a dissipated look, whom I afterward learned was the son of a neighboring clergyman.

When I entered, the conversation was upon the crops and local matters, of which I knew little or nothing. By degrees it turned upon other questions, such as politics, upon which I was enabled now and again to offer an opinion, till, insensibly, I had worked my way into the little conclave and was thoroughly at my ease. Naturally, seated, as we were, round a comfortable fire, we felt on the best of terms with all the world. Anecdotes and stories of all kinds were narrated by each of us in turn, varied, occasionally, by personal remarks, banter, and repartee, which only tended to increase our good-humor. Our worthy host, who had a fluent tongue and an unflinching fund of anecdote, was in the midst of

narrating some hunting experiences, when a cry of alarm—it was hardly a shriek—caused him to break off suddenly and make his way to the passage. Our curiosity being aroused, we followed him more leisurely, to learn whence the cry proceeded. In the hall we found the explanation. The host's wife had been surprised by finding one of her children seated at the foot of the stairs in his night-shirt, endeavoring to lace up an imaginary pair of boots, with the intention, apparently, of going out. The boy was afterward induced to go to bed, and we, on our part, resumed our seats in the parlor.

This little incident caused our conversation to turn upon sleep-walking, and many were the theories advanced as to the origin and cure of the infirmity. Our host informed us that his son had, on one or two previous occasions, walked in his sleep, but could hardly be considered a confirmed somnambulist. The family were one evening having supper, when they were startled by the youngster suddenly walking in, in his night-dress, and then going to the fireplace, where he strove his best to get up the chimney. But the freaks of this youngster were not to be compared with those of a school-fellow of the clergyman's son, above mentioned, who narrated to us the story of the really remarkable feats performed during his sleep. Incredible as the story may appear, I have every reason to believe that the facts were by no means exaggerated; but of this my readers can judge, as I will repeat the narrative, to the best of my ability, as I heard it.

"I was educated," said the clergyman's son, "at a grammar-school near Leeds, and among the boys was a son of a wealthy farmer in the neighborhood. Young Buckridge was dull and incapable of learning. All his thoughts seemed to centre upon the horses and cattle he had left, and his only wish was to be able to leave his books and return to his former playmates on the farm. It was both painful and irksome to him to prepare his lessons; for he could never retain anything long in his memory, although he might have labored for hours to master his task. In spite of every encouragement on the part of the master to brighten up the boy's faculties, no signs of improvement could be seen. He seemed to become daily more wearied and tired of the disagreeable struggle he had to maintain to prepare his lessons. This state of things went on for some time, when suddenly an inexplicable

change became manifest in the manner in which Buckridge prepared the tasks he was set. He who had been the duller and most callous of scholars, suddenly became one of the most correct and perfect in the school. Formerly, he had been unable to struggle through his exercises, but now they were found to be carefully written and almost faultless. How he managed it was a mystery. During the day he seemed as listless and inattentive as ever. He did not curtail his hours of play, neither did he give a minute more to study than formerly. The key to the enigma was at length discovered by an accident.

"In a room adjoining the dormitory where Buckridge slept, one of the junior masters used to sleep; and one night, fancying he heard a noise below in the schoolroom, he rose to see whether any one had broken into the house. Stealing quietly down-stairs, he peeped into the room and caught sight of Buckridge with a lighted lamp in his hand. Seeing that the boy was evidently asleep, he was led by curiosity to watch his movements. Buckridge walked to his desk, took out his books, arranged them in proper order, and began to study. The master, thinking it was a trick on the boy's part, shook, and pinched him repeatedly, but without avail. The boy was insensible to everything. Having gone through all his lessons and mastered them, he walked up to the principal's desk and went through his imaginary examination with ease. The master informed the principal of what he had seen, and it was decided to watch his performance again the next night. Again the boy rose, stole stealthily down to the kitchen, lit a lamp, and repaired to the schoolroom. Here he once more opened his desk and prepared his lessons, with the addition of writing out an exercise. This finished, he walked up to the master's desk, where he repeated his lessons accurately in their proper succession. He even answered correctly several questions the master (was supposed to) put to him; and having passed through the ordeal, he returned with his lamp to the kitchen, and finally found his way back to bed.

"On being questioned next morning as to how he managed to become so perfect in his lessons, he declared he could not say, for it surprised himself. That his sleep was real, was undoubted, for he knew nothing of his nightly wanderings; nor was his vision affected when a strong light was held up close to his eyes. There can be no doubt that the worry attending his studies had preyed upon his mind, and his brain was still affected by the excitement and anxiety they caused him, even when his physical sensibilities were deadened by sleep."

This story was listened to with keen attention by the small knot of interested listeners, and it was apparent at the close of the narrative that there was an inclination to doubt the veracity of the narrator. But whatever doubts we may have entertained speedily vanished when the doctor, a good specimen of the old-fashioned courtly English gentleman, ventured to observe that he was perfectly satisfied in his own mind of the genuineness of the story, for he had once in his own experience met with a case offering quite as many remarkable points as that we had just heard described. He was, he remarked, perfectly ready and willing to narrate the details of the case, if we cared to be troubled with a second narrative. Being assured that we were all eager to learn the particulars of his story, the doctor at once began:

"It was one Sunday evening in October that I received an urgent summons to go round to see a lad in the employment of a butcher close by. Apparently, the lad had caused great alarm by his extraordinary behavior. It seems that he had sat down in a chair during the evening and dropped asleep. Presently, he started up, went for his whip, put on his spurs, and proceeded direct to the stable. The saddle not being in its usual place, he returned to the house for it, and being asked why he wanted it, he replied, to go his rounds. Returning to the stable, he mounted the horse, without a saddle. As he was powerfully made, it was only after considerable struggling that he was forced from the horse and taken indoors. At this moment I arrived upon the scene. The boy apparently seemed to think himself stopped at the turnpike gate. Taking sixpence out of his pocket, he held it out to pay the toll, and demanded the change. The sixpence was returned to him, when he stated he wanted no nonsense, but his change. Threepence-halfpenny was then handed to him. 'None of your gammon—that is not right,' was his immediate reply; 'I want a penny more'—making his proper change. This being given him, he made the motion of whipping and spurring his horse on. Being held down on his chair by force, he peremptorily ordered us to get out of his way and to let go his horse, or he would soon make us. He again spurred his steed, apparently to make it restive and to kick, crying out to us 'to let go its head.' Being afterward taken into the shop, he was asked what orders he had taken. He then proceeded to go through the list of the customers, stating what each had ordered, naming rump-steak for one, shoulder of mutton for a second, leg of lamb for a third, and so on. Ordered to clean the shop, he at once tucked up his sleeves preparatory to executing the

order. It was only by main force that he was prevented.

"Thinking there might be some trickery at the bottom of his extraordinary conduct, I suggested that a good thrashing might teach him better manners. Several heavy strokes from a riding-whip were then laid across his back, but failed to cause any impression. After certain other measures had been adopted, he woke up with a start, being quite at a loss to understand the scene around him. He could not be persuaded that he had been doing anything but sleeping, and it was evident that he was perfectly unconscious of what had passed. He recollected very well several things he had done just before he fell asleep, but after that all was blank. His eyes were several times forced open during his trance, and the pupils contracted and dilated, but his vision was unaffected. When I first saw him his pulse was one hundred and thirty-

six, full and hard; but afterward it sank to eighty, with a slight perspiration on his forehead. I afterward learned that he had shortly before been attacked by fever, which had affected his head.

"Strange and unaccountable as this story may appear, I can assure you that it is not a solitary one, for I have been called in to attend many other cases of somnambulism, though none were so pronounced and striking as that which I have just described."

These cases clearly prove, as dreams also do, that our mental faculties are by no means torpid during sleep; and it is curious that persons who are of sleep-walking habits should be able during sleep to do many things, and to accomplish safely many reckless feats, from which they would shrink with dread when not under the influence of sleep.—*Chambers's Journal*.

PLOT AND MARPLOT.

By A. L. MUZZEY.

PIERRE LEROUX came out and carefully locked the door of an inner room in one of the tenement houses of the Marion Mills, pausing silently before the blonde woman sitting in the window darning with deft hand the tattered blouse of the child leaning on her knee watching the swift miracle wrought by her flying needle.

"Aha!" chuckled the dark, haggard man, beginning to walk back and forth with a lurid fire in his deep-set eyes and a purple heat in his sallow cheeks. "*Bon! Le jour de la jugement viendra comme un larron durant la nuit—ha! ha! Comprenez vous ?*"

He wheeled suddenly and stopped short before the pretty, *petite* woman, laying his hand on her shoulder, and smiling in her face with an exultant gleam of his white teeth.

"See heah, now, Pierre," she said, in a sweet, girlish voice, with slightly nasal accent, as she shook off his hand with an impatient shrug and snapped the thread on her completed work, "what's all this mystery about, anyhow, I'd like to know? I guess it's time I was let into the secret of all the plottin' and chicanery goin' on in the only spare room in the house; and all the scum of the mills comin' in and goin' out at all hours of the day and night, with strange parcels stuffed in their clothing, and all of you mutterin' and workin' in there behind locked doors! It'd be a good deal manlier in the

whole of you if you'd go to breakin' stones and cleaning the gutters in the town streets to earn a decent penny, instead of wastin' your time and energy in cursing one man because, for good reasons, no doubt, he fails to give you work."

"*L'esprit méprisable de la femme !*" sneered the man, turning away with a gesture of contempt. "Ze woman Francaise, she would enter with all her heart into la *war contra* to tyranny, that takes the bread from the mouth *de l'enfant*. Read *l'histoire de la Commune*, and learn you one lesson in courage and *bravoure !*"

The pretty face of Rachel Leroux was working with a conflict of emotions as she shook the clipped threads from the mended garment in her hands and slipped it with a caress over the bare shoulders of the child, who had been patiently waiting its restoration. Then she drew her fingers with smoothing touch over the troubled lines of her young face, relaxed the tense muscles that a moment before would have repelled the slightest impulse to endearment, and with pleading sweetness stepped to her husband's side, laid her blonde head against his arm, and put her soft hand with tender caress on his angrily flushed cheek.

"My Pierre," she said, in honeyed accents, "he knows what is best, and his little Rashel will believe and follow him always. Will he not trust her with his secrets?"

It was the stratagem of Delilah, and it had its effect with the impressible Sampson.

"*Ma Mignonne!*" he said, rapturously, "she talks as a creature of mind; she can help much—infinity. Listen. We have suffered the tyranny of this monster of ze mills until we are resolved we no longer our wrongs will abide. This night, *ma chérie*, a grand tragedy will be. Monsieur Marion he is away on some beeziness unknown. When he returns, he his home in ruins will bewail, and a deadly work shall have lifted the wheels in his silent mills. I you may trust, *Rashel?*" he questioned, quickly, as he felt the sudden shiver of the form still encircled by his arm.

"Can you doubt?" the wife responded, screening her white face against his shoulder. "Tell me the plan."

"*Bon!* this it is. I may the secret to you unfold. Swear you will not betray, *mignonne*," he said, warningly.

"I?" breathed Rachel, reproachfully, lifting her pallid face to his view.

"*Mon Dieu!* So deeply does she feel!" he muttered, kissing her. "*Allons!* you shall know. I will trust you *tou' à fait*." And he led her to the door, which he unlocked, and, thrusting her quickly through the slight opening he allowed, he followed, with a swift click of the bolt debarring further entrance.

"The poor darling!" cried Rachel, as the wail of the surprised and grieving child outside smote upon her ear.

"*N'importe!* here are issues greater. Hush thy crying, Pierre! This way, *Rashel. Voila!*" and he took in his hand one of the mysterious and insignificant-looking metal boxes lying upon the improvised work-table, and, beckoning her attention, began to explain its purpose.

Instantly she drew near, with an interest so intense and absorbing that the cry of little Pierre without was no longer heeded.

Inspired by such unexpected sympathy with the diabolical plan, Leroux revealed all the details, explaining minutely the mechanism of the deadly instrument he was exhibiting, and, spurred by Rachel's breathless questionings, dissecting the whole business and giving her the clue to the fatal machinery in other machines, displaying, at the same time, the method of delaying and averting danger.

"I—I think I understand," she said, finally, deathly white and trembling with excitement.

"*Mon ange!*" Pierre exclaimed, demonstrating his delight with another embrace, instantly repelled, as though the moment were too fateful for such trivialities. "But are not thy nerves *détruit, mignonne!* art sure that we can trust thee? A woman she can do some things more

delicately than a man. She can approach—she can conceal—and not of wrong be suspected. Now you, if you will, shall have to do the most exquieset beeziness of all in thees *coup de jarnic* for the power of the workingman. You frequent the house of the Madame on errands of needlework, and your own tact it shall teach you some commission this evening, when you shall carry this beautiful mechanism that I have to you explained, and shall, under cover of your mantle, deposit it, *mon ami*, where it will do its fatal work—"

Rachel's eyes turned on the speaker with a look he did not comprehend. Was it of astonished admiration or of loathing horror?

He knew presently.

"It's the scheme of a sneaking coward!" she said, in a blaze of scorn and indignation, quickly repressed as she read in her husband's face the folly of all reasoning and expostulation.

"What!" he cried, clutching her arm, a lurid fire burning in his evil eye; "you tempt me to tell you all—you give me to think you seem-pathize—you will help—and now you say—"

"I say I'll do what you ask," she interrupted, with struggling breath. "But you shouldn't expect me to praise a low lived, cowardly piece of work that I consent to do."

"Think you on the wrongs this Monsieur Marion has heaped on the workingman, and you shall find justice cannot be done with magnanimity," returned Pierre Leroux, with show of apology. "You will do what I ask? Enough. You will your trust discharge with fidelity. Pledge me upon your heart, *ma femme*"—forcing her hand in his upon her bosom.

"I promise before Heaven," she said, lifting her eyes and touching with her foot the instrument of death she had laid upon the floor, "I will carry this thing to the house of John Marion and make sure that it is left in a spot favorable to the demon's work you want done."

"*Merci, bonne amie,*" responded Pierre, kissing her hand.

"But," she added, "you must reward me by tellin' just what is to be the use of these other death-traps and where they are goin' to be set to-night."

Won by her subjection to the nefarious plot, Pierre Leroux made a clean breast of the destructive plan, describing minutely the favorable points at which secret excavations had been made to receive the explosives designed to lay the mills in ruin at the exact hour of the master's expected return. Questioning rapidly, with an interest that enticed to greater confidence, Rachel was soon possessed of the knowledge she demanded in satisfaction for the part she had accepted in the treacherous scheme,

and ready to hasten with motherly sympathy to the little Pierre, still grieving for her outside the bolted door.

In the twilight the conspirators began to drop in on mysterious errands, not a little confused to find a new member admitted to their councils, but readily conceding approval to the profuse explanation of their leader, who with swift argument convinced them of the superior advantages derived from a feminine coadjutor in their delicate business.

Later, Rachel appeared on the scene with a small hand-satchel, apparently containing her needlework, and leading little Pierre, who usually accompanied her on all neighborly and business errands.

"But why, to-night, take *l'enfant*?" Leroux questioned, laying his hand on her arm with restraining force. "Put him in bed or leave him with old Norah—"

"And miss my excuse for intrudin' on the dear madame you want to blow up," she said, with a directness that made the man recoil. "She asked me yesterday to bring my boy to try on some outgrown clothes of her little Arthur; and don't you see what a fair opportunity this gives for carryin' your interestin' message to headquarters?"

"*Ma foi!* it is a woman for expedients!" chuckled Pierre, wincing slightly under his wife's sharp sarcasm, as he bowed her out of the house and began, with his colleagues, to plan an innocent mode of transport for the remaining packages, which were to be regulated for swift work in their appointed places of concealment.

Rachel, meantime, admitted to the private room of the mistress of the threatened house, with whom she and the child were especial favorites, was doing her errand in a leisurely way and with a freedom from nervousness and excitement which her confederates in the plot would have admired and envied.

An unnoted length of time had passed in discussion of skilled needle-tasks to be done and in trial of little Arthur's cast-off blouses and trousers, which had afforded infinite amusement to both youngsters, who, recognizing no barrier in rank, were always the happiest of playfellows.

At last Rachel, rising and pushing under the sofa with her foot the ominous package she had let rest unseen upon the floor, turned to Mrs. Marion with an appealing look.

"If you will allow me, dear Madame, I should like to leave my little Pierre here with Arthur for an hour while I go on an errand that I can do better without him."

"I shall be pleased to have the child stay,"

the gentle lady said, assuringly. "Run to the play room, dears, and romp and shout to your hearts' content."

"Thank you," Rachel murmured, pausing at the door, and turning again, with beseeching eyes on the face of her patroness: "Please tell me, dear lady—I have been thinking to-day I would ask you this," she said, tremulously—"if anything should happen to me, would you look after and care for my little Pierre—and kiss him for me?"

"Why, I would take him as my own son. If you wished?" the kind-hearted mistress of the Marion mansion returned, with sympathy.

"And never believe I was a traitor to you, ma'am, whatever comes to pass," the wife of Pierre Leroux added, as, with a last imploring look, she turned away.

"Poor little soul!" the matron mused; "she has some trouble, I fear. Heaven knows the day is hard for all—grant better times may come speedily!"

As Rachel went down the walk, she stumbled against Pierre, waiting impatiently for her.

"Did you succeed in leaving it well placed without suspicion?" he whispered, eagerly.

"Oh! yes," she answered, yielding to the clutch of his hand, which hurried her away in the direction of home.

But suddenly she stopped.

"I—I have left my little Pierre," she said, in a dazed way.

"*Le diable!* It is death!" cried Leroux, excitedly. "Run back and fetch the boy—*Grand Ciel!* What could you have been thinking?—and contrive a way to get the sweet madame out of the house before it is laid in ruin—*dépêchez-vous!*"

No moment was lost in obedience to the command, and Pierre paced back and forth in breathless waiting for the return of wife and child, until, growing frantic with dread of impending danger, he rushed to the house and wildly rang the bell.

"Send out Rashel Leroux!" he said peremptorily to the alarmed servant who answered his summons.

There was a hurried search and inquiry within, and a maid brought intelligence that the woman Leroux had left the house some time since.

"How long ago?" the man insisted, imperatively.

"Indade! an' do ye think I'm your woman's timekaper?" demanded the waiter, slamming the door in his face.

Pierre Leroux ran down the steps and turned toward home, satisfied that in some way he had missed Rachel and the child as they passed him.

in the darkness and certain that he would find them at his own door.

But darkness and silence greeted him as he entered, and a thorough search of the premises failed to reveal any sign of their return.

A sudden suspicion of Rachel's fidelity struck like fire to Pierre's throbbing brain.

"*Mon Dieu!* she means *perfidie*," he muttered, shunning the crowd of idle men returning from a neighboring drinking hell as he rushed out upon the street and made his way, regardless of the drunken jest thrown after him, toward the mills, with their breathless smoke-stacks outlined in the distance against the star-lit sky.

The town-clock was striking eleven as he reached the chilling shadow of the silent mills. It lacked yet an hour of the time set for the culmination of the devilish plot of ruin, but in his nervous excitement the danger had seemed momentarily impending since the deadly instruments had left his charge.

Creeping along in the gloom of the main section of the massive buildings, he dropped upon his knees and thrust his hand cautiously in a secret excavation that had been made for the reception of the explosive agent. It was empty. With a muttered oath he sprang to his feet and bounded to the next point selected for the secret attack of the concealed enemy. Here, also, his investigation developed evidence of betraying hands, and with blood at boiling heat he hurled himself headlong upon the last stronghold of the conspiracy, ready himself to explode with murderous passion if there he found the deep-laid scheme at the last moment ignominiously defeated.

In the faint starlight, as he sprang around a projection of the solid masonry, he saw a kneeling figure bending with close attention to some object upon the ground, and leaping upon it, Leroux madly clutched the stooping shoulders, finding his rude hand entangled in a flow of woman's hair, which had evidently escaped confinement in the heat and flurry of work that had left no thought for matters less significant.

"*Traîtresse!*" hissed Pierre, with a grip that would have wrung a cry of pain from the victim if she had not proudly shut her teeth upon such weakness, "how dare you your husband defeat and betray—*Ame damnée!*"

"Dare I not do anything, just Heaven! to save my husband from a beastly crime?" the woman said, bravely ignoring her pain, and still holding fast the object which had engrossed her attention before this sudden surprise.

"*Liar! Trompeuseuse!*" he cried, hotly. "You to me promised you would the most delicate

thing of all do in this beezeenness.—Instead, you undo the best I have done!"

"I have not lied!" Rachel said, valiantly. "I have done what I consented to do. I carried your instrument of death to the house of John Marion, as I said I would, and I left it there, but I never told you that I wouldn't use the knowledge you gave me to deprive the harmless looking trap of all present power to endanger life and property, and it lies there now, under the dear madame's sofa, as innocent as I, who, to-morrow, will be convicted of plotting the ruin I prevented. And I never told you, Pierre, that I wouldn't save the mills from the mischief planned to greet the master's return, and I have—"

"*Le diable!* I know what you have done!" interrupted Pierre, seizing the machine she had been manipulating, and to which she clung in the frenzy of a purpose as yet unaccomplished.

It could never be told how in the struggle that ensued the catastrophe which Rachel had striven to avert was precipitated by the premature explosion of the fatal acid she was endeavoring to remove.

There was a stunning explosion, shattering the wall under which it occurred, and the figures of a man and a woman lay mutilated and lifeless amidst the *débris*.

* * * * *

"I have always had a lurking suspicion of the loyalty of this wily Leroux," remarked the master of the Marion Mills, as he returned from the direction of the workmen employed to rectify the partial damage sustained by the single building which Rachel had failed to save. "I must say, however, that I never dreamed that little Vermont wife of his could harbor a traitorous spirit; but the evidences are sadly against her."

"I do not think so," replied Mrs. Marion, in valiant defense of her suspected protégé. "It is very clear to me that she was allied with her husband in this business only to frustrate the accomplishment of a demoniac plan which she could not persuade him to relinquish. What can you make of those abortive and inoperative instruments found about the mills, and in this house, except the interposition of a hand determined to defeat their ordered purpose? Would Rachel have left her child with me had she not satisfied herself of the harmlessness of the package she was doubtless sent by her tyrant husband to deposit here? I have tearfully studied the matter, and I am confident that we owe the preservation of life and property to the vigilance of this woman solely, and that she freely gave her life for us. In return, we can do no less than to take her little Pierre as our own child,

sharing in all things with our son Arthur, who must never hear a lisp of suspicion against Rachel Leroux."

"Your word is law, my heart," said John Marion, "but I fear the public will not see the case from your standpoint."

MARGARET OF ANJOU.

BY HARRIETTE WOOD.

A FREQUENT incident in the past history of diplomacy has been that of a matrimonial alliance being made the basis and bond of reconciliation between hostile nations. A covenant thus sealed was that of Tours, made in 1444, by the commissioners of England, France, and Burgundy, between the two great powers who for nearly a third of a century had waged cruel warfare. Thus it was that to the island realm of the north came the last of the provincial queens of England, that "queen of tears," the wife of Henry VI.

And truly worthy she seemed at this epoch of her life to have been the white dove of a more popular and permanent peace. Innocent, as fair, she stood the gifted and accomplished daughter of René, King of Sicily, and niece of the French monarch, Charles VII, when in St. Martin's Church at Nanci, before a brilliant assemblage of princes and nobles, knights and warriors, she was espoused to the Marquis of Suffolk, the proxy of her royal suitor, the sovereign of England.

The long foreign war had so embarrassed the English treasury as to make it necessary for Henry to convene an extra parliament, for the purpose of raising funds requisite for meeting the expenses of his marriage and the crowning of his queen. Hence, it was not until April of the following year that the bridal train could be received in England. The bride was too ill to walk and a terrific storm occurred at the time of her landing—circumstances certainly sufficiently depressing and full of dark portent to the superstitious minds of the fifteenth century. This, and much more, the gossiping chroniclers of the day have recorded in connection with this famous "marriage under difficulties," which, however, was finally consummated at Lichfield Abbey, on the 22d of April, 1445.

Six days later the King and Queen entered London, and on the thirtieth of the succeeding month the coronation took place at Westminster. The splendors of these ceremonials, and the costliness of the festivities which followed, were but little in keeping with the distressed

finances of the nation, which, nevertheless, extended to the elegant young Queen a most enthusiastic greeting.

As we have sometimes watched a lovely blossom torn and sullied in the current of a dark and turgid stream, even thus it is that we follow with pathetic interest the character of young Margaret of Anjou, as she comes, the consummate flower of her soft, delicious clime, to be cast into the thick, black waters of England's mighty quarrel—the war of the "pale and purple rose."

For at least two generations the nobles and princes of the blood had fought their fierce battles of rivalry and passion; and while the throne of the Lancastrian kings was firm in the affections of the people, the treasonable designs of the York aspirants were being pursued by a thousand secret and indirect methods known to political zeal and cunning. To what extent Margaret may have sacrificed integrity and purity in partisan warfare we are not sure. But so prominent was her relation to the War of the Roses, that to have written their history at all, was to record the deep policy and marvellous energy with which she sustained the doomed cause of Lancaster.

In the eighth year of her marriage she was crowned "a more than Queen—a mother." But the advent of the royal babe, which should have brought joy to the maternal heart, only increased her fears, regarded as it was, with fierce jealousy by the House of York. It was not until after the birth of this her only child, that the latent ferocity of Margaret's nature discovered itself. The leaders of the White Rose party at once circulated insinuations that the royal babe at Westminster was not a genuine Prince of Wales. This was an insult to herself, but most acutely felt as a well-aimed blow at the interests of the being dearest to her heart, and therefore deserving her fiercest revenge. From this time Margaret became "implacable, unmerciful," while she strove with almost superhuman energy for the future honor and glory of her "fair boy Edward," as the future sovereign of England.

In the first campaign planned, and personally conducted, by her, she achieved a decided victory over the York army, but after a battle occurring disastrous to the royal cause, in which for the second time the King was taken prisoner, Margaret, amid great perils, escaped with her child to the castle of a Welsh chieftain, amid the wilds of Snowdon.

It was while tarrying amid these romantic solitudes that Margaret received tidings of the pacification made at London, upon terms no less startling than the surrender by King Henry of the royal birthright of his son to Richard, Duke of York, the claimant of the crown. Henry, of whom it was truthfully said that he was born for the cloister rather than the throne—whose conscientious scruples and natural tenderness of heart caused him to shrink from the shedding of his people's blood—was, doubtless, only too glad to accede to these proposals made by the Duke of York.

But the royal fugitive at Harlech Castle did not share these "soft and pious" emotions of her lord, and it hardly seems that even Shakespeare, who has been accused of sometimes misrepresenting the Queen, can have given an overdrawn description of the meeting of the royal pair after this event. Having hitherto the utmost patience toward the trying peculiarities of her lord, it is now forgotten in her jealous regard for her child defrauded of his inheritance by his own parent. And the Queen gives vent to her despair and scorn in these words:

"Hadst thou but loved him half as well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourished him, as I did, with my blood,
Thou wouldest have left thy dearest heart-blood
there,
Rather than made a savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son."

Margaret now effected an alliance with Scotland, by which, together with the active sympathy she had roused among the Welsh mountaineers, she strengthened her English forces, and, to his equal terror and surprise, was able to challenge the Duke of York at the very gates of his castle at Wakefield. It was not until she had repeatedly taunted him with being afraid of a woman that he hazarded the battle which proved to him his last. In this memorable engagement perished the brave Duke and two thousand of his followers. The Lancastrian peers severed his head from his body, and crowning it derisively with a paper crown, presented it to their leader—"at which," it is said, "she at first turned pale and shuddered, but afterward laughed long and vio-

lently." In a subsequent battle she recovered her captive husband.

But her triumphs, though brilliant, were short-lived. Warwick, a man of might in the field as well as the council, uniting his forces with those of Edward, the eldest son of the dead Duke of York, defeated the Red Rose army, slaughtering more than forty thousand of its number. The Prince then marched into the city of London, where, by no better right than the acclamation of the populace, he took possession of the throne.

To all but the dauntless and determined Queen the cause of Lancaster now seemed hopeless. But she still indulged the most profound belief in the affection of his subjects for their monarch, who, "though weak, was blameless," and in this she was not mistaken. Many were the loyal ones ready to respond to her call, and, if possible, pluck the crown so illegally worn by Edward of York.

With incredible energy and bravery Margaret now conceived the project of applying for succor to the continental courts of Europe, and for this purpose, leaving her husband and son safely quartered at Harlech Castle, she sailed for France in April, 1462. It was said that "her impassioned eloquence was enough to break the heart" but her royal cousin, Louis XI, was not even moved to pity:

Of all her royal friends and countrymen she found no helper, and at last, in utter desperation, she called upon the chivalry of France to avenge her wrongs. With two thousand men of Normandy thus gathered, she returned to England in October. But scarcely had she landed when terror seized her French friends, and they nearly all fled to their ships. Undismayed by these discouragements, she marched the "remnant of the true" to the north of England, where, rallying the adherents of the King, she made during the inclement winter a somewhat successful campaign. But in the spring of 1463 all that she had gained was lost, for at the battle of Hexham the Lancastrians suffered another overwhelming defeat; the King fled in one direction, the Queen, with her son, in another, and neither knew if the other were living or dead.

For hours the wretched woman wandered through the mazes of the forest in which, with her child, she had hoped to escape her foes. Soon after nightfall she was confronted by a giant robber, to whom, as there was no alternative, she instantly surrendered, saying, as she held up her beautiful boy, "Save, friend, the son of your King." Touched by her utter helplessness, the rough outlaw tenderly took the Prince in his arms and bade the mother follow

him to his solitary cave, where for days she was most kindly cared for by his family. As soon as it was deemed safe he guided her to her friends, and soon after she escaped to Flinders.

The great spirit of Margaret was not even yet conquered. Years of exile were, however, spent in the land of her birth; but they were years of strenuous and hopeful effort to keep alive the interest of her cause and to enlist assistance in its behalf. She was treated with generous kindness in all parts of the kingdom, but none deemed it politic to involve themselves in her quarrel. More than once it is believed that she visited England in disguise, to whose monarch she was still formidable.

Shortly after this, Margaret learned, to her great surprise, that Warwick, the life-long and powerful champion of the White Rose party, had become the sworn foe of Edward of York, having quarreled with him, and had arrived in France to effect an alliance with Louis, while proffering to her a reconciliation; and such was the confidence of the mighty "king-maker" in the permanent restoration of the House of Lancaster, that he was fain to ally his daughter to its prince-royal. To this arrangement the queen-mother yielded. But the longest, if not the most intense, struggle connected with the War of the Succession was, doubtless, that two weeks' battle of conflicting feelings which took place in the breast of the haughty Margaret of Anjou, while, at the court of Louis XI, these remarkable negotiations were pending.

The marriage having been consummated, Warwick departed for England in August, 1470. The following year, Margaret and the Prince and Princess of Wales, with a large armament, landed at the port of Weymouth. Scarcely had they disembarked before news was brought of the fatal battle of Barnet Heath, the capture of King Henry, and the fall of Warwick into the hands of the last enemy. For the first time in her life it is said that Margaret yielded to discouragement, but presently rallied and declared her determination to "measure swords once more with the accursed usurper."

In the "fair park" of Tewksbury occurred the final conflict. It was here that Somerset's haste and Wenlock's stupid inactivity rendered wholly ineffectual in its beginning the last

campaign of Queen Margaret, which, had it been executed in compliance with her plans, doubtless would have resulted far otherwise. As it was, the Lancastrian army was wholly overthrown. On the same dreadful day, in the presence of Edward IV, occurred the brutal slaughter of Edward of Lancaster, the last hope of Anjou's heroine—she, herself, a prisoner in the Tower of London. A week later King Henry was put to death, and borne, unhonored, to his burial.

After five years of captivity, beautiful Provence, the sweet home of Margaret's youth, was sold by her father, King René, to Louis XI of France, to effect the ransom of Margaret. Before her release, however, she was compelled to make a formal assignment of every right or privilege in England belonging to her by virtue of her marriage. In this instrument she was not even permitted to designate herself as either wife or widow of her lamented consort. It suited well the spirit of the barbarous Edward to make her humiliation as complete as her misery.

King René, who had suffered and sacrificed much in consequence of his daughter's misfortunes, made every effort to make her home with him, as much as possible, one "befitting a queen." For this purpose he chose one of the finest of his river-planted castles, from whose towers and windows there were grand lengths and breadths of the superb scenery of France. Within, his refined and luxurious taste had adorned it with works of art, many of them executed with his own exquisite brush and chisel. All that parental affection could devise was brought to soothe the "sublime sorrow" of the fallen Queen. But it is said that she persistently refused to be comforted, accounting it as the sweet privilege, as well as obligation, of love to keep alive the memory of the sufferings and wrongs of her husband and child.

To the last she strove, not with material weapons against flesh and blood or principalities and powers, but with all the force of her intense nature against her unhappy destiny.

"*Tout la vanité!*" It was doubtless in the bitterness of an unsubdued spirit that, shortly before her death, she penned in one of her books this great moral lesson, so powerfully impressed upon her by her hopes and her disappointments, her glory and her fall.

HINTS AND GUESSES.

By E. M.

WE were often three "*Friends in Council*"—Olivia, Janie, and I—for our homes were not far apart and we could visit each other daily. Our trio was composed of very dissimilar characters, and perhaps we enjoyed each other more for that very reason. Olivia was an artist and painted exquisitely. The blossoms upon her dainty cards and plaques and vases looked as fresh as if the dew were still upon them.

Janie would have been altogether practical, except for a lovely voice that wove into our talks songs and melodies, which her hearers thought the best of all our common pleasures which we shared together—although I do not know what I had to give except my enjoyment of *their* gifts. I had no vocation or mission that I ever found out, unless it were to be useful in very trivial and every-day ways; but that left more room for me to see how beautiful the works of my friends were. Olivia used to say, too, "One could not talk on without an answer—and you answer us."

One day Olivia put down her brushes with an impatient exclamation and a little frown that looked decidedly like an intruder on her open brow, and pushed aside the plaque which she was at work on—one with a great, old-fashioned cluster of hollyhocks, purple and rose and yellow, with a satiny sheen on their petals. Janie looked around from the piano with a glance of inquiry.

"I have an idea," said Olivia. "Kitty, don't look so impertinent, my dear, as if it were my first one. All these exquisite colors, these shades of delicate rose, with a silky smoothness—this velvety purple—seem to me just like words, or syllables, of a forgotten language. I know there must be a real significance in the colors and forms of things, if I could only have insight enough to discern it!" and she looked wistfully through the open window at the blue tint of the sky over the green boughs.

"It is beautiful," said Janie, "and when I look at the blue of the sky and the green of leaves or grasses, it gives me a feeling of rest, but I could not express it in words that would tell it clearly."

"I suppose the great painters perceive something of it instinctively," went on Olivia, thoughtfully. "They use blue to say one thing and crimson to tell another, and their tints and

shades and pure colors harmonize like well-chosen words in a sentence. It would be impossible for any ignorant person to change one of their colors and not tell a falsehood!"

"There are many sayings about colors in folk-lore," said Janie. "Don't you remember this, Kitty?" and she hummed softly an old tune:

"Green is forsaken,
And yellow's forsworn;
But blue is the sweetest
Color that's known."

All lovers in old songs, you know, bring their sweethearts from the fair 'a knot of blue ribbon to bind up your bonny brown hair.'

"And there's the old saying about a bride's dress," I added—"that to have good luck she should always wear

"Something old and something new,
Something borrowed and something blue."

"I see what that means," said Olivia, leaning forward and her eyes kindling, as they always did when she was interested; "it means that, with the new love, there should be loyalty to the old home-ties, too—the '*something borrowed*' is the acknowledgment of our continual dependence on one another for mutual kindness and aid—that it is not good for us to live alone, and the blue is the sign of constancy in love—a loving truth. Surely, with these a bride's new life should be a happy one."

"Which being interpreted," laughed Janie, "can you translate my verse, also, Olivia? If you succeed as well with that as you did with Kitty's I will always wear blue."

"I think I do see a meaning," answered Olivia, but more slowly. "Green must signify a lower kind of truth—like the natural truthfulness that sometimes shows itself in bluntness or rough, outspoken candor. It is the color of grasses underfoot and leaves, the outer parts of trees; and it must be like the truth of the senses—what we see and hear and touch—hard facts. A character who has this kind of truth—instead of the loving, trusting truth of which blue is a sign—would be more apt to break a tie of love at the first seeming of wrong, would be guided by appearances, and often forsake the substance. Don't you see that, Janie?"

"Yes," said Janie, an unwonted gravity stealing over her bright countenance; "I am afraid

that is *my* kind of truth. I must put it away and wear a ribbon of blue."

"As the children of Israel were commanded to do in the Bible," I said—"to wear 'a ribbon of blue' on the borders of their garments, that they might not only remember the truth, but *also carry it into life.*"

Janie looked at me softly.

"I begin to believe it is truly a language. But tell me what yellow means?"

"*Yellow's forsworn,*" repeated Olivia. "It is almost the same thing, I think. Yellow always seems to me to resemble that kind of hereditary natural virtue that yet has nothing spiritual or heavenly in it. It is more boastful and loud, resembling gold on the surface, but with none of its real qualities of rich value—at least, that is the way it appears to me. It is blue, the color of the heavens, that expresses what is permanent and true."

"What are you looking for, Kitty?" asked Janie. "I see you have one of those little volumes by Frances Ridley Havergal. Have you any word from me on this subject?"

"Yes," I said, "a few words; and then I want to read you a part of a letter from a friend that seems just to belong to this talk of ours. How I wish she were here to *say* them! This is what Miss Havergal writes:

"How ripe everything in spring seems with beautiful emblems. I don't mean such as are already down in poetry books, but those wildly, lonely, intangible similes which flit across the mind *like the shadow of a flying bird.*"

"Isn't that comparison perfect?" exclaimed Olivia. "I feel that when I have a sudden perception—a thought of something true or beautiful—and then it seems to vanish away among all our earthly pursuits and cares. Now read us your friend's letter, Kitty."

"There must be significance," I read, "in the successive *groupings* of flowers—the chords of color, beginning with purple and gold of the early crocuses. They harmonize as they come. Then the *movements* of leaf and bloom. I saw a spray of roses away from so delicate a stem that I could not see it against the grass, and it thrilled me indescribably. It reminded me of the unseen influences of the spirit gently moving upon our lives, and breathing into them the breath of the true Life. Then there are other likenesses that seem full of tender hope. I have been told that the shape of an apple-blossom is seen if you cut a thin slice of apple across the core, and it seems a pretty suggestion of the freshness of childhood inherent in a pure character, and seen even in old age. And there is the predominance of pink—that inexpressibly delicate shade of rose—seen on early spring blossoms—it seems the promises of perfected completeness, though the fall of blossoms and the bitter of green fruitage must intervene, all of which some one likens to the progress of true love in marriage, which through disappointments and disillusion grows on to more entire oneness and fuller joy."

Just then the French clock on the mantel sent its silvery strokes vibrating through the room.

"Five already!" exclaimed Janie, gathering together her music, "how rapidly the afternoon has passed!"

"We have had a chapter of *hints and guesses,*" said Olivia, as she too prepared to go. "But I think I have learned something of my unknown language."

"And Kitty," whispered Janie, with a smile, as she bent down to kiss me, "I won't forget the ribbon of blue."

DIRGE.

BLOW winds, blow!
Toss the white snow
Where she is lying;
Blow winds, blow!
She'll never know
Why you are sighing.

Rain clouds, rain!
You come in vain,
Fresh breezes bringing;
Gone is her pain
She's well again,
With angels singing.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

SIX HUNDRED A YEAR.

BY MARTHA.

SERVANTS.

WHEN we began our six-hundred-dollars-a-year housekeeping, we decided that (except on washing days) our maid of-all-work must be selected from the family circle.

But if one has a social disposition—a love of reading, a wish to beautify their surroundings, or even the desire to do, at all properly, the amount of sewing a family calls for; then, the endless number of dishes to be washed, the ringing of the door-bell, the little errands to be made, and all the small demands of children—even of those who are pretty well trained to wait on themselves—make up such a combination as to tax the willing *one* a little too much for mortal patience. Then, besides, one wants bright and clean windows to let all the sunshine possible shine on our venture. So I soon began to ponder on ways and means of obtaining an assistant. I could hardly hope for a good class of help from the small premium I had to offer—three dollars a month is not a prize to attract many. One woman said “she would do the washing for that;” a good offer, but I needed a better one. Another offered her innocent daughter, “just to keep Middy in shoes,” she said; “and she’s a rare one for work, too—only she has queer spells.”

I tried “Middy,” and for two days all went on so well I rejoiced in my treasure; but the third day she slammed the door in the face of our dear rich aunt, remarking: “You are old and very unsuitably dressed for your age.” Then she planted our newly baked bread in our back garden, and, from several symptoms, I saw a “queer spell” was coming on; so I locked myself in my room and called for assistance.

Middy was secured; but the effort she made for freedom assured me she would need more than *shoes*.

After this I found a young girl who could give us most of the afternoons, getting a late dinner for us and arranging for next day’s breakfast. Her wages were the three dollars and supper for a little brother. The plan worked pretty well till some one’s coachman offered to give the boy three meals a day, provided the sister would be mistress of his home and cook and serve them; so Mary and her brother were married from our house. Then I tried decrepit

help, which, unfortunately for the victims, is in full supply, and very cheap, too. Occasionally these poor old women on the retired list can be of use in a hundred ways, but not for long. I was advised to find some well-grown child or young girl from an over-crowded home or orphanage, and train her for a servant. Many children, strong and competent, can be had, both in country and city, from their parents or from institutions, glad to find a respectable and comfortable home where they may be trained into good servants, for which there is always a demand.

My first experiment in this line came from an orphanage, and I was fairly discouraged at first. But, at the end of a month, as the girl could boil a cup of water *without burning it*, and wash the steps at the front door (provided the other children of the neighborhood did not tempt her to play), I consented to try her a little longer. Often I longed for the luxury of “no help” during the struggle of that training, but I think, in the end, my labors were well repaid.

Having a young girl to train, you can teach them systematic ways of working which will lighten the labor of a small family almost to the capacity of one strong child. This one, after a time, could do most of our washing, reserving the heaviest pieces for a woman, who was called in once a month, and in half a day easily got through all that was necessary. Of course, I helped in the ironing and cooking, but, in a short time, if a girl is at all quick, she can be taught to prepare a simple breakfast or supper very easily. At the end of the second month I could even trust Mary with cooking a dinner; only, as she was a growing girl, I was anxious not to tax her strength too much. Mary was given to me with the promise that she should be properly clothed and taught to read and write. Her sewing fell to my share, till she was taught to do it for herself; her clothing cost about two dollars and a half a month (leaving the other fifty cents for the woman who did the extra washing). It was a “tight squeeze,” but the girl took such delight in casting aside the apparel which had marked her as a charity girl, it was quite a pleasure to dress her.

In this land of ours, where it grows more and more difficult each day to find a servant well enough trained to put in a place of trust, to

depend on in an hour of need, or to take an interest in the family welfare, where the feeling of distrust between mistress and maid seems to grow only stronger and stronger—ought not good, patriotic ladies to seek and find a mission in the work of training girls for service? There is such a demand for service that the large number of girls and women turned loose among us will not take time for training, partly because it is not offered them and partly because they can find easy places and good wages, ignorant as they are; and so they help to make our homes uncomfortable, not because they desire to do so, but from the circumstances that have kept them from knowing "anything about anything," as I once heard one say.

As this ignorance arises from lack of opportunity to learn, too many of the girls *labor* through work which a little system and knowledge would make easy. A girl comes straight from the potato-field and enters service as a competent waitress, perhaps, and she is dazed by the various names applied to the china which is to furnish the table she is supposed to be ready to take charge of and to know how to serve. Their native wit, if they have any, soon teaches them something, but not one in ten is apt to be taught in the right way how to make a table look its best; and as they are generally satisfied with their own way or too old to learn or have no chance, it goes on, and will, till a better class of servants can be called to fill their places.

It is strange to see what a labor most servants make of "setting a table," just because every article is out of its proper place—the soup-plates have to be selected from an assortment of breakfast, dinner, and bread plates. The salt-cellars are hid away behind pitchers, the glasses are yet to be polished, the sugar-bowl to be filled; milk, left from breakfast time, is still in the vessel that held it, and *that* requires an extra amount of washing now; so five minutes' work cost thirty, and those are hurried and unsatisfactory. Many cooks reduce the kitchen to chaos before they can cook a meal, and the labor of preparing one is doubled in the effort necessary for clearing all away afterward—all because the girl has never learned to work neatly and with system.

One girl in making a simple cup-cake—by actual count—surrounded herself with forty-six different dishes—spoons, knives, boxes and so forth—used in its composition. When we showed her how with a pan of hot water placed near her, so as to rinse the cup which had measured flour, it could be used again for sugar and butter; that the fork which had beaten eggs could be dipped in water for another use; that one spoon would actually answer for salt, yeast pow-

der, and flavoring, and that the box of salt need not *twice* cross the kitchen to supply the *pinch* required, and the cake was put in the oven with only five pieces left on a clean table to be cleared away, she said, with evident delight:

"Well! I never even thought the like of it."

Most girls wait till the grease hardens on the pans or dishes by becoming *cold*, and then roll up their sleeves and go in for hard work; when, if they only knew it, hot water at *once*, and a mop on hot pans make it hardly any labor at all.

So I think while we are helping ourselves in obtaining cheap labor, it is a satisfaction also to know we are helping *them*, preparing them to earn the living they have to make in a better way to themselves; as well as making the homes they enter more comfortable.

Let us hope we are adding our mite toward improving the temper of the human race, which has so many drawbacks in the region of "domestic troubles."

In training a girl, we must be patient and willing to do all in our power to improve her; we must not overtask her strength. Teach her to take an interest in her work by showing the interest you take in her. Nor will it be a drawback to her working power if you strive to awaken her intellect. We want girls who can take an intelligent interest in all they do, instead of only plodding through a certain number of hours, because they are paid for their time.

Now it is true we may get a girl—train her to perfection almost—and just as we are *quite* satisfied, and have leisure to sit down and admire our handiwork, we become aware that her skill has considerable market value, by the numerous offers she receives from all quarters: but remember, for your comfort, even if she leaves you (and circumstances may force her to do so—without any blame often), you have benefited her for life, and also may be giving a comfort and treasure to some tired housekeeper, who is too overworked to do her own training. And besides, remember, before the girl reached the point of leaving you, how many steps she has saved you; how many good meals she has prepared for you; how many leisure days have been yours through her ability; how much sewing she has given you the time to do; how well she took care of baby when you were absent; how well and quickly she did the errands. All these things certainly paid well for the time spent on her.

I am sure a bright, willing girl of fourteen can (under the careful management of a conscientious housekeeper) become an invaluable inmate of a house in a short time, and if one is tempted away by the offer of higher wages than she obtained in our training school—well! she

can be replaced, and we ought to try to be glad that she is fitted to do "better for herself."

I think if we can *only* get a child, who can do little else besides attending the door-bell, or running on errands, washing dishes, doing outside cleaning, and setting the table, it is far better to make use of such a one, and not to settle down into a drudge, without a moment of liberty, and no spirit left to make life worth living. The washing of dishes alone, if there is much of it to do—to one who delights in higher things, and longs for time to give to them—almost makes us, at times, loathe the coming of each new day.

How many girls are growing up in unwholesome, crowded homes, where the atmosphere is tainted, morally and physically; growing up unhappy, untrained to take care of themselves, unable to earn a living. After a time, perhaps, removed to still worse homes than their early ones, to rear children in the ignorance and squalor they received as a birthright.

Many mothers are equally willing to place their girls in a home, to be trained for a better sort of life than she can give them.

If you *try to see*, you will be astonished to find how many embryo servants there are in the world who can be made into useful members of society, and in this way, more than any, can we help ourselves and our neighbor to pass out of the power of the ignorant and unskillful set, who bewilder us with their stupidity, and only so can we impress on them the fact that they *may learn something*, before they offer themselves as competent and finished waitresses, cooks, and chambermaids.

In training a servant, when disposed to be discouraged, remember you are fitting a fellow-creature for her future life; and while trying to brighten your own home by her careful and willing labor, repay her efforts to second yours by teaching her to become a faithful as well as useful servant.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

CHEST DEVELOPMENT.

HOW HIP POCKETS MAY MAKE A BOY THROW HIS SHOULDERS WELL BACK.

THE general practitioner is frequently asked by anxious parents: "What shall I do for my boy? he is getting so awfully stoop-shouldered that I am afraid he will get consumption; I will have to get him a brace. What kind would you recommend?"

It requires no extended argument to prove the importance of a well-expanded chest. Apart from the incalculable benefits to health, an erect carriage and graceful movements attract the attention of the most humble. It causes them to correct, as far as they are able, in their children any tendency to awkward, stooping, or ungainly positions. Apart from the cost and inconvenience of expensive instruments, but few meet the requirements. In many cases better results may be obtained by attending to a few simple details, within the reach of every one, in the ordinary clothing.

The boy's pockets are to him a very important part of his dress, and the natural tendency is to keep his hands in them. When not actively engaged, there they are usually found, and if the pockets are properly placed they will inadvertently cause him to throw back the shoulders and more or less expand the chest. For instance, the jacket or overcoat should have what is called breast pockets, the opening should be high and as far back as possible, parallel with and in the line of the body, instead

of low down and transverse as usually found in the ordinary jacket or overcoat.

The pants should have what are called "hip pockets," and no others. It will then be apparent that, while the hands are in the pockets, a better, if not a perfect, position will be assumed, and the boy spared the many admonitions to "Keep your hands out of your pockets," and the accompanying box on the ear.—DR. JOSEPH H. LOPEZ, in *Medical and Surgical Reporter*.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN relates that it was not the custom in the home of his childhood to shut the children off by themselves, but that they shared the family life in every particular. It was a practice of his father frequently to have at his table a wise friend with whom he could converse, and the silent children, from the youngest to the oldest, received impressions of the beauty of wisdom which they never outgrew.

A GREAT many people have been surprised when they have attempted to put themselves far back into their childhood to find at what an early age they began to treasure up recollections, and how extremely young they were when they began to feel unlike "the infant new to earth and sky, who does not know that this is I," and to believe that they were entitled to a good deal of consideration. It is a wholesome mental exercise for parents to engage in occasionally; it will enlighten the understanding in regard to many experiences of their children. A mother may get great good from asking her

self, How did I feel at three or four? What hold at five had I taken upon the threads which I have gathered into my hand during the past years? It is not always easy. It may be very difficult indeed, but it certainly would be worth while more frequently to look at the events of our children's lives from their point of view.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

I WRITE to you, parents, concerning the welfare of your children; but especially do I write to you, mothers, as having the greater responsibility in the bringing up of the little ones and in the molding of their characters. The message I would bring home to you, one and all, is this: Never frighten them. Do not, I beseech of you, run the risk of making idiots of them by filling their young minds with horrors; do not attempt to frighten them into good behavior by solemn warnings of imaginary terrors. A large proportion of mothers use these means to coerce their children into obedience. They fill their infant minds with dire stories of goblins, ogres, "bogiemen, raw-head and bloody-bones," and hosts of other fictitious and terrible characters. The little ones go about expecting to find a lurking fiend in every corner. The practice is not only devoid of common sense, but is absolutely injurious and dangerous. Many a child has been driven insane through intense fear. So deeply instilled are these things in their minds—for mamma would not tell a lie,

you know—that it takes years and years of after-life to thoroughly eradicate them.

The writer had a kind, good, self-sacrificing mother—God bless her—but she committed this one error in the bringing up of her children. Many a time I lay in my crib with covered head and suffered the most intense agony of fear; many a time I nearly went into spasms upon being caught in the dark, which I imagined peopled with strange and fearful beings, and fraught with unseen dangers for naughty boys, like unto me. And, strange to say, these feelings followed me nearly to manhood, and I believe they still lurk somewhere in my innermost nature.

Now, mothers, for the very love you bear your children, avoid this great error. Bring them up as near as you can without the knowledge of fear. If fear be shown by them at any time, try to reason it away and show them that there is no cause for it, if there be none. Tell them no tales of ghosts, ogres, goblins, or other imaginary characters; neither tell them of horrible realities, such as Indian atrocities and the like. Such narratives take a deeper hold on their young minds than upon maturer intellects, and many a little one awakes at midnight with the cold sweat of terror on his brow from the effects of some blood-curdling tale he has heard or read before going to bed.

Make the little folks live as happy as possible, and so bring them up that in after-life they shall have no cause to entertain hard feelings toward their parents.

E. H. PRAY, in *Good Housekeeping*.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

SNOWBALLS.

THREE little girls were having a lively discussion. Three little girls, with chestnut braids and hazel eyes and wintergreen berry lips. Flossie and Essie and Belle were the names their mamma called them, unless they were very, very good indeed. Then they were Treasure and Blessing and Pearl. I forgot to ask what they were called when they were naughty. Perhaps it is just as well that I don't know—for if I told you, you might fancy the idea of being naughty, too, just for the sake of being called by similar names. Indeed, there is no knowing what little folks will do—I heard of a tiny boy, who, whenever he fell down-stairs, threw himself down again the very next chance he had, just, you might think, for the experience it gave him. So these little girls, as we know them, are Flossie and Essie and Belle; and *sometimes*, that is, once in awhile, as Treasure and Blessing and Pearl.

What do you suppose they were disputing about? You'll never guess, unless I tell you. Why—*snowballs*! Flossie thought snowballs grew on a tall tree; Essie, that they grew on a

little bush; while Belle didn't think they grew at all. She thought they were made of something white that fell down from heaven, just about the time that little girls hung up their stockings for Old Kriss to fill. Still, she wasn't sure—they had hung up their stockings last week, Old Kriss had come and gone, but still she hadn't seen anything white fall down from heaven.

"They *do* grow on a tall tree," insisted Flossie, "like a big bush, with limbs spreading—way out that way, like my arms—and lots of green leaves. They grow out at grandpapa's place, down the lawn, right by the great, big gate. They *do* grow in big, white bunches, like flowers. Auntie said they were snowballs."

"They don't grow on a tree," contradicted Essie, "and they just *do* grow on a bush, Flossie smarty! They grow out at grandpapa's, on the little bushes by the front steps, with little leaves and little pink flowers, and little round snowballs like wax. Grandpapa said they were snowballs."

"You mean *snowdrops*, Missy," sniffed Flossie, turning upon her sister a look of superiority, mingled with pity.

"I don't!" exclaimed Essie, her face growing red. "Snowdrops are little white flowers, with green spots, that grow in the spring."

"Well, I doesn't fink neizer," put in Belle, "'cause I saw in a picture in my little book. There was lots of angels, and they had lots of little fezzers dropping down off they's wings, and mamma said that was snow, and they was dropping it 'cause it was time for Old Kriss to come. Old Kriss *did* come, and brought me anuzzer picture-book, with boys making snowballs off the ground."

"Little silly!" remarked the eldest sister, tossing her head, "that's only make-believe! Besides, what they boys made wasn't snowballs—it was only *snow*!"

Poor little Belle looked puzzled, but Essie felt her argument strengthened.

"'Course they weren't *real* snowballs," she said, triumphantly, "real snowballs come in the fall."

"They don't," declared Flossie, "they come in the summer."

Belle, poor child, burst into tears.

"I's most sure," she sobbed, "mamma said winter."

Just then mamma entered the playroom, and calmed the rising storm. I am truly glad that she did calm it, and that she could do it by a quiet glance from one little flushed, tear-wet face to the other. Or, perhaps I might have to write that Flossie and Essie and Belle had become very naughty; that they had ceased to be a Treasure, a Blessing, and a Pearl, and that I had discovered what their naughty names were.

"Now," said mamma, gently, seating herself in the midst of the group, "tell me what the trouble is."

"Mamma," began Flossie, eagerly, "*don't* snowballs grow on a tall tree, with limbs spreading that way?—in summer?"

"Yes," answered mamma.

"*Now*!" exclaimed Flossie, with a triumphant glance at her sisters.

"O mamma!" cried Essie, "*don't* snowballs grow on a little bush, in the fall?"

"Yes," replied mamma, as quietly as before. Flossie and Belle started uneasily, and regarded each other, and then Essie, with a puzzled air.

Suddenly, little Belle seemed seized with a brilliant idea—there might be hope for her, too, and she ventured to inquire:

"Mamma, don't boys make snowballs in winter, out of little fezzers the angels drop?"

"Yes," responded mamma, with a smile, not pausing to separate the literal from the figurative—she could do that after awhile.

It was now Essie's turn to start, and look wonderingly at Flossie. Mamma readily took in the situation and explained as follows:

"Belle means snowballs made from snow, which falls about Christmas or New Year. Flossie is thinking of the tall bush which bears a flower, white, like snow, in summer; and Essie means the little bush bearing a berry, white, like snow, in autumn."

It is wonderful how much trouble a few words can sometimes remove. The three little girls

were now in high glee; they kissed each other, and then kissed their dear mamma. I think then that they were truly her Treasure, her Blessing, and her Pearl.

"Mamma," suddenly cried Flossie, as a bright thought struck her, "do you know any *other* kind of a snowball?"

"Well, I don't know," answered mamma, reflectively, "but perhaps I can tell you to-morrow morning. Old Kriss came last week, but we didn't have any snow for Christmas. Look out the window in the morning, and see whether we have any real snow for New Year's. Still I think I can find each of you another kind of a snowball, if I try."

They knew three kinds of snowballs, now—could there be a fourth? How impatiently they waited for New Year's morn, that they might find out! So intent were they, that they did not half listen to what their papa and mamma told them about the old year going out and the new coming in—all the familiar comparisons, such as Time with his sickle, and the graybeard giving way to the youth, and the like, were quite lost upon our little friends—and even when they came down-stairs upon the expected, sunshiny day, they never thought of looking out the windows for the real snow. Their eager glances were directed toward a covered basket standing on the sideboard. Breakfast itself had no charms—that basket must contain the fourth variety of snowball—what were cakes and coffee in comparison to finding out what that fourth variety might be?

Papa and mamma smiled mysteriously, mamma beckoned to the little ladies to step nearer, and then gently removed the lid. And what do you think they saw? Three dear little kitties, every one as white as the driven snow, and, as they lay curled up in the basket, for all the world like puffy, dainty balls of fleecy swan's-down.

"Snowballs?" cried Flossie and Essie and Belle, in chorus. There was really nothing else for them to say—the kitties would have been snowballs, out and out, were it not for the very singular fact that they were warm and breathed, which the three other kinds of snowballs are not and do not.

"This is mine!" exclaimed Flossie, lifting out one tiny bunch of fur.

"This is mine!" repeated Essie, not at all slighted at having the second choice, for it was just as good as the first.

"This is mine," chimed Belle, taking the one that was left, which could not be told from either of the others, so that "Hobson's choice" was literally the best selection.

"I'll name mine Snowball," declared Flossie.

"So will I," said Essie.

"And so will I," asserted Belle.

"Oho!" exclaimed papa, "that won't do. They all look alike—how can we distinguish them if you name them alike?"

"I'll name mine after the tree, and call her Tree Snowball," said Flossie. "Essie can call hers Bush Snowball and Belle—can she say Snow Snowball?"

"Oh! no," interposed Essie, "yours will be Green Snowball, mine Pink Snowball—but what

will Belle say?—she can't say White Snowball, because *all* snowballs are white—can she say Boy Snowball?"

"Suppose you say *Viburnum*, *Symphoria*," began papa, laughing, but he, too, stopped, puzzled. "I suppose you wouldn't say *H* and *two* and *O*."

"Why, papa," cried Essie, giving the bewildered looks of her sisters a voice, "What do you mean?"

"Oh! nothing," replied her papa, "that's only some of my nonsense. I was trying to find scientific names for your kitties, and gave you two big words for plants, and one for water, which is the same thing as snow. We can name Flossie's and Essie's very well, because they took plants, or imitation snowballs, for their guides—but Belle took real snow, and it is hard to find a descriptive term for a genuine article needing no description."

"Papa," interrupted mamma, "do you expect the children to understand all that? Help them, don't talk over their heads."

"I know," cried Belle, "Flossie's can be Big Snowball, Essie's Little Snowball, and mine Angel Snowball—after the big bush and little bush and angel picture."

A chorus of laughter greeted this announcement.

"Another illustration of the proverb that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous—or, in this case, from the ridiculous to the sublime," commented mamma.

"Cute, but, like other cute things, sometimes unfair," remarked papa, "the kitties are all of the same size, so 'big' and 'little' do not describe them properly; and as all look alike, the term 'angel' could not be applied to one more

than another. But, after all, why should they have different names? The names cannot distinguish them, unless we mark them in some other way."

Perhaps you think they made a great fuss about nothing. But are you sure? As long as the three little girls saw the three little kitties, would they not be likely to remember that it is possible to be mistaken sometimes; that when we think we are right and other people wrong, that they may think just the same of us, and yet, after all, all be right and all be wrong? Would they not remember that it is very foolish for little sisters, or big sisters, or little brothers, or big brothers, to quarrel, before they understand exactly what they are quarreling about? And would they not feel that, just so long as these kitties bore their names, just so long ought these kitties suggest names that little girls need not be ashamed of?

For this is how they settled the naming of the kitties. Each was called Snowball—but the one with pink ribbon around its neck was Flossie's Snowball; the one with blue ribbon around its neck, Essie's Snowball; and the one with scarlet ribbon around its neck, Belle's Snowball. And when Flossie and Essie and Belle were very, very good, the kitties were Treasure's Snowball and Blessing's Snowball and Pearl's Snowball. But suppose Flossie and Essie and Belle were naughty—whose Snowballs would the kitties have been then? I am very glad that I came away just after the kitties were named, so that I never saw Flossie and Essie and Belle naughty—I really cannot tell you what their naughty names were. And I hope all *your* friends will be able to say just the same of you.

MARGARET E. HARVEY.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

ALMOST STRANDED.

"I'M as hungry as a bear—wonder what we'll have for supper? Same old thing, I suppose—muddy coffee, soggy potatoes, and sour bread, and, to cap the climax, the children in a state of uproar. Louise will be sure to sit at table with a face as sour as the bread. I do wish that she would wear a becoming dress occasionally; I'm sick of looking at that soiled brown frock. I wonder how I ever happened to think she was pretty? Heigh-ho! I'll step into Sim's and get something to warm me up."

Richard Dawson mounted a flight of stone steps and opened the door of a brilliantly lighted saloon. Soft carpets covered the floor, paintings lined the walls, while, partly concealed behind a cluster of rare plants, stood a long counter. Cut glass and silverware, of every conceivable shape and pattern, was artistically arranged on handsomely carved shelves. Two attendants, with big diamond (?) pins and insinuating voices,

vied with each other in catering to the wants of customers.

"A glass of punch, Perkins; mind that it is hot," said Richard Dawson, as he threw himself into one of the luxurious chairs that stood about the room.

In the course of half an hour Richard descended the stone steps. As he walked toward his home his gait was the least bit unsteady. The punch must have been unusually "hot," for it was quite evident that some time would elapse before Richard would be "himself again." Upon arriving at his home he opened the door with his latch-key. The first sound that greeted him was the whining voice of a child and the loud, fretful tones of his wife's voice bidding the little one "keep quiet."

"What's all this rumpus about? Confound it! can't a man have any peace in his own home?" exclaimed Richard Dawson, angrily.

"That's just like you, Dick; you haven't the least particle of feeling for me. You might at

least say a pleasant word," said his wife, ready to cry with vexation.

"Well, well; never mind" said Richard, as he saw the inevitable tears about to burst forth. "I'm hungry. Isn't supper ready?"

"I have had such a dreadful headache all day, and the children—"

"No supper, of course. You needn't put yourself to any trouble; I'll get a bite at Sim's."

As Richard Dawson started toward the door his wife saw that his step was unsteady, and, for the first time, a full realization of what *might* be dawned upon her. She knew that he had, on more than one occasion, partaken of the cup that inebriates, but he never had spoken so unkindly before; and that fact, coupled with the knowledge that *her husband* was actually intoxicated, shocked Louise Dawson so thoroughly that she went to her room and, throwing herself upon her bed, sobbed until exhausted.

An hour later, Louise's two children came into the room on tip-toe to kiss mamma "good-night."

"Why, children, what time is it?" she asked.

"Don't know, mamma," replied Harry. "Martha told Katie and me to be quiet, 'cause mamma had a bad headache."

"We'll just kiss you, mamma, and go away and be as quiet as two dear little mice," said blue-eyed Katie.

"You poor little dears! mamma is sick (heart-sick, she added, mentally), but she will be better to-morrow."

After the children had been tucked into their soft, warm beds, Louise sat for a long time plunged in deep thought. She reviewed her married life; one by one the duties left undone passed before her in panoramic order. How vividly she remembered the words of advice which fell from the lips of her sainted mother on the morning she left the old home a happy bride:

"Remember, my daughter, that your home will be what you make it. Richard has a social disposition, see that you gather around your fireside friends that are true and sincere. Superintend the preparation of your husband's food whenever practicable. Let your table be clean and neat, no matter how plain the meal may be, and, above all, see that your own appearance is such that your husband may never regret that he asked you to be mistress of his heart and home. Look well to the ways of your household, my child, so that you alone shall reign in the heart of your husband, and never cease to be, in his estimation, 'a queen among women.'"

"Dear mother! what would she think if she knew what I am to-day?" said Louise, sighing. "It cannot be too late! Dick used to call me his 'dainty lady bird.' Surely I have not grown so very homely!"

Louise stood before a mirror, and started guiltily when she saw the reflection of her untidy self. Her lovely brown hair was twisted into a rough knot at the back of her neck, the "brown frock," so contemptuously mentioned by Dick, was not by any means spotless—it was frayed at the wrists and fastened at the neck by a great black pin, that had been placed there because it happened to be conveniently near

that morning, when the too hasty toilet was made. Louise gazed at her reflection for a few minutes, then said earnestly:

"I'm not ugly, of that I am quite sure. Oh! that I may be given strength to draw Dick away from the danger that threatens!"

Louise passed from the room and entered the apartment where her children lay sleeping.

"Oh! my darlings," she murmured, as she pressed a kiss upon each rosy cheek, "papa is drifting away from us, help mamma to bring him back!"

Katie stirred, and whispered "papa—mamma."

The next morning Louise arose early, she brushed her lovely brown hair until it fairly glistened, then made a neat coil, which she fastened with a pretty silver pin. A morning dress of dark blue cashmere, with frills of soft, creamy lace at neck and wrists, caused such a complete transformation in her appearance, that, when she paused in front of her mirror to pin a bunch of geranium at her throat, she scarcely recognized her own reflection. She put on a pair of neat slippers, and donning a large brown linen apron, descended the stairs. Entering the kitchen, she found Martha in the act of placing a fine piece of steak in a pan containing a great lump of *cold lard*.

"I will prepare the breakfast, Martha," said Louise, pleasantly. "You can lay the cloth—no, not that one," she exclaimed, as she saw the servant lift a soiled piece of linen. "Put on the cloth with a crimson border, there are napkins to match. There, I am sure it looks ever so much nicer!"

"Indeed, it does, mum," said the Irish girl, heartily. (She was a "greenhorn," consequently did not protest against having an extra piece put into the wash.)

"Now, Martha," said Louise, "take a clean linen cloth and rub the glass and silverware thoroughly, while I mix batter for 'breakfast puffs.'"

Taking a pint of flour, two eggs, one spoonful of baking-powder, two cups of milk, and a little salt, our busy housewife stirred up a light batter.

"The pans are thoroughly greased, and as hot as they can be," she said to herself, "and the oven is in splendid condition to bake the puffs; it will take about two minutes to wash half a dozen potatoes—they are small and will bake quickly. I will run up and wake Dick, and while he is dressing I can prepare the steak. Lucky that I rescued it before it was afloat in that great heap of fat."

"Martha," said Louise, as she passed through the dining-room, "I hear the children, run up to them, please. Put a clean white apron on Katie, and see that master Harry is quite tidy before he comes down-stairs."

"All right, mum," answered Martha, who began to comprehend that some sort of *change* was about to be inaugurated.

Running up-stairs, Louise peeped into her bed-room. She saw Dick standing in the centre of the room, looking so sullen and unhappy that she felt inclined to beat a hasty retreat.

"I've commenced and I mean to go on with it," she said mentally.

Walking across the room noiselessly, she stepped behind Dick and placed both hands over his eyes.

"What the mischief—" began Dick, when he turned and saw Louise standing before him, looking so pretty—in fact, so much like the dainty girl he used to know—that he opened his eyes very wide and exclaimed: "Why, bless my heart, Lou! Where did you come from and what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Never mind; finish dressing and come down-stairs as soon as you can," and with a light laugh Louise ran out of the room.

She paused for a moment at the door of the nursery to give the children their morning kiss. Bidding them make haste, she hurried back to the kitchen. The pot was scalded and three heaping tablespoonfuls of coffee dropped into it; half the white of one egg and a small quantity of cold water were stirred into the coffee, three cupfuls of boiling water added, and the pot was set a little way back on the range, where it was left to simmer.

Greasing a large iron pan, Louise placed it over the fire until it had very nearly reached white heat. She laid the steak in the pan, turning it frequently to prevent the juice from escaping. A hot dish, containing melted butter, flour, pepper, and salt, received the meat, which was quite equal to the finest broiled steak ever prepared.

The "puffs" and potatoes were "done to a turn," and without further delay were placed on the table. A dish of cold baked apples and a glass pitcher filled with rich milk helped to make the daintily prepared breakfast a perfect success.

Louise seated herself at the table just as Dick and the children appeared in the doorway.

Dick paused upon the threshold, unfeigned astonishment depicted upon his countenance.

"Just look at mamma! she looks jolly, don't she, Katie?" whispered the irrepressible Harry in the ear of his sister.

"Jolly" isn't a nice word," replied Katie, severely; "I think mamma is as pretty as—as all the flowers in the world!" concluded Katie, emphatically.

"I think so, too!" said papa; and he walked directly across to mamma's chair and whispered something in her ear that made her look very happy.

If any one had been listening, they might have heard Martha declare that her mistress was "the most beautiful craythur in the country!"

Dick was loth to tear himself away from the happy family. At last he was compelled to go, but during the whole day the form of a little woman clad in a bewitching blue dress haunted him persistently, and when evening came and he turned his steps in the direction of home, somehow he forgot to stop at Sim's, and when he did arrive at his home found a smiling, cheerful wife, two happy children, and a nicely prepared repast awaiting him.

But "Rome was not built in a day," nor did this one effort on the part of Louise Dawson tend so far to strengthen her husband in his

good resolutions as to free her mind from many anxieties on his account.

Many an impatient and complaining word arose to her lips—aye, and even escaped her time and again—and more than once her heart failed her as the cloud returned to the brow of her husband, and his prolonged absence at night suggested to her busy brain all sorts of horrible visions.

Still she struggled on, not even daunted when once or twice she noted the evil odor of alcohol hanging about her husband, for slowly but surely she saw her influence strengthening over him; noted his strenuous struggles against the tempter, and in many quiet and unsuspected ways contrived by loving touch and a sympathetic merging of herself in their common interests to give him just the kind of moral support he needed most.

Richard's credit gradually strengthened, and the best men of the town had a kind and encouraging word for the bright young man so heroically struggling with himself for the right; and the next five years showed a marked difference in the business and social, as well as domestic life of Richard Dawson and his sensible little wife, Louise.

MARY AUGUSTA THURSTON.

LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

No. 26.

THE beautiful Indian summer lingered longer than usual with us during the past season, fraught with scenes that are pleasant to look back upon in wintry days. The glory of forest and hillside, clothed in their rich autumnal dress; the mellow, golden sunlight, falling on field and wood and river, and the soft, hazy atmosphere hanging over all and half hiding the distant mountains with its misty veil.

Even far into November there were days that were summer-like indeed, when we sat with doors and windows open or wandered out under the trees, gathering brilliant-hued leaves to press for brightening up the wall when gloomy winter ones should come. The yards were gay with chrysanthemums and dahlias, and even some of the monthly roses still bravely outlived the first frosts and showed their colors, while the blue-birds, stopping in their migration from farther north, warbled and twittered around us on many a balmy morning before they resumed their southward way.

These days are ever the most delightful ones of all the year to me, with their bracing morning airs and mild sunny afternoons, which I am loth to see depart, and it is upon one of them that my thoughts have been lingering this morning with happy recollection. It brought an especial treat to enhance its loveliness, for Floy sent her new buggy to take me for a little visit with her—a pleasure so seldom enjoyed now, since she lives far beyond my walking distance.

The fresh, delicious air and the company of a pleasant companion made the drive a charming one. We stole a half hour from my day for a last peep into the autumn woods, driving

through a near familiar road, where bright maples, hickories, and sumachs were interspersed along the way among the russet-brown oaks, and the ground beneath them was covered with a rich carpet of fallen leaves. Then coming swiftly back, we found Floy awaiting us with warm welcome, surrounded by her little ones in the cozy home where comfort and taste reign on every hand.

It seems strange to see the fragile, delicate-looking girl of a few years ago—in the days when she used to sit beside my couch telling me the wishes and imaginings for her future—now undertaking and fulfilling so well the multitudinous cares and duties of a busy mother.

It is hard to tell which of the three lovely children who bless her home and fill her hands and heart excites the most attention and admiration. Whether 'tis five-year-old Douglass, with his sweet smile and gentle voice and his wise, thoughtful remarks and questions, showing intelligence and understanding usually far beyond his years, or the bright little witch, Bessie, full of fun and mischief, her busy feet and tongue going all day long and dear little golden head bobbing up and down as she goes about her play with a spirit which shows what an active, energetic woman she will make if her present disposition is carried into maturity; or is it the splendid baby, with his great, earnest eyes and merry ways that entice one from their work or talk to notice and play with him?

I believe it is little Bessie who captivates me the most and finds her way nearest to my heart and amuses us all the oftenest with her odd sayings and queries.

They had just had a new photograph taken—a lovely picture of her and her mother together, which she brought to me with much pride, saying, with a radiant smile: "That is me and my sweet mamma what I love."

Douglass has lately attained to the great privilege and pleasure of attending Sunday-school, and feels like a very large boy in consequence. But the innumerable questions he asks, and some upon subjects hard to explain or give answers to, make me think of "Pipsey's" little nephew, whom she told us of a few years ago, coming to spend the day with her while his mother went to the city, and so nearly driving her distracted by the evidences of his inquiring mind. I thought, on reading her recital of them, that many of his questions were surely "made up" by herself to make it sound funnier, but those of Douglass can match almost any of them. Floy amused me with the relation of a few of the latest while he was safely out of hearing. His teacher had been giving him some of the first lessons in the catechism, and the mysterious creation of Eve had set his busy brain working in a maize of wonder.

"Why, mother," he said, "didn't Adam bleed awfully when the rib was taken from him?"

She got over that startling query as best she might, when the next one was, "Well, can God make a lady out of a few bones now, like He did then?" Of course she is obliged to keep her face straight, and study to make the most satisfactory and serious answers possible that the little fellow may not see how funny his ques-

tions are, when he is in such earnest, but her gravity must undergo a severe strain sometimes, and it set me thinking again, as I often have before, that perhaps it is hardly wise or profitable to teach such very small children much of theology or Bible history, except that there is a God, who made and loves and cares for us, and that they must love and pray to Him, and be good to please Him.

We had all the early part of the day just to ourselves, and crocheted and talked over books, and consulted together about the Christmas gifts we thought of making with our own finger work, and had such a pleasant time—sending the children out to play often in the warm sunshine, so we could be undisturbed, and they could be happy also.

In the afternoon Edna came in with her tiny girl, giving me an unexpected pleasure, for I seldom see her in these days, since the cares of home and children occupy her so fully, and it was quite like the good old times to see her and Floy together once more. The dignity of motherhood sets so fittingly on her grave, quiet character, which seems more suitable now than when she was a girl, among the gay, frolicsome ones who surrounded her. After the hour she spent with us was over, Floy and I took the baby and went for a drive up to a point where the new railroad bridge is being erected across the river, just on the outskirts of the town. Here, beside a view of the immense structure which spans the broad stream, we had a fine landscape spread before us in the rocky cliffs along the river, and the hills and mountain-tops over which the sun was shedding its departing beams. We lingered until it was just disappearing, then drove homeward through the sunset glow, and the beautiful day was ended—but not dead, for it lives fresh to-day in cherished memory.

LICHEN.

THE OLD SIDEBOARD.

"NO, I can't get all new furniture at once," said Rachel; "it will have to come by degrees, of course, as we can afford it; but," with a decisive motion of her not over-wise little head, "you may be sure I shall get rid of the old stuff as soon as possible."

"Don't be in too much of a hurry about it, Rachel," said Aunt Susan; "the old furniture looks respectable and good, and will out-last yet a set of those light-built, varnishy, modern things."

"Well, auntie, when I get old, perhaps I'll like old things," said Rachel, laughing; "but I like new things now. There's that sideboard—I believe I'll leave the lumbering old thing here when we move. It can be put out in a corner of the old carriage-house. I'd sell it if I could; but who'd ever want to buy it?"

"I do hope you'll take care of the old sideboard, Rachel," said Aunt Susan, very earnestly; "why, it must be all of seventy-five years old."

"I haven't a doubt of that," said Rachel, looking disdainfully at it.

"I used to hear my mother tell about the

time it came home," went on Aunt Susan. "It was quite an event in the family; for it was an expensive piece of furniture—every bit of it hand-made, you see; not like the cheap machine-made stuff they get up nowadays. And my mother had quite a number of little stories to tell about it. When my oldest sister was married, the wines for the wedding were locked up in it, and, at the very time that they were wanted, it was discovered that no one knew anything about the key. You may imagine the dismay and the commotion. A boy was sent in hot haste for a locksmith, but he ran his horse so hard that he fell and broke his leg—"

"Whose—the horse's or the boy's?" asked Rachel.

"Oh! the horse's, more's the pity poor fellow! for the boy was a trifling, good-for-nothing fellow, and would have got over it; while the horse was a fine horse, and had to be shot. Well, at the very last moment, the minister, having just tied the marriage-knot so tightly that it has held well for more than forty years, covered himself with still greater glory by cleverly picking the sideboard lock and letting loose the fine old wine. It was in this compartment; see?" Aunt Susan pointed to one of the doors. "I was a very little girl at the time, but I remember it well."

"I'm tired of the sight of those old curved doors," said Rachel.

"They are solid mahogany," said Aunt Susan; "very different from the veneering of modern furniture. Look at that revolving bottle-holder; how often I have seen my father—Robert's grandfather—get his whisky out of there to make his evening glass of punch. Gentlemen don't do it now, thank the Lord! but the old bottle-holder is curious as a relic. And there's the burnt place I made the night sister Emily was married. Somebody told me to put a piece of the bride-cake under my pillow and I'd see my future husband in my dreams. I set the candle in there while I hunted for the cake, and the first thing I knew the wood was almost blazing. I was so frightened I seized the candle and ran away without the cake which was to bring me the sight of my husband. The reason, probably, why I have never seen him yet."

"I'm sure there couldn't be any other reason," Aunt Susan said Rachel, glancing with affectionate admiration at the still blooming cheeks and unfaded hair of her husband's old maid aunt.

When the day of moving came, the time when the foolish little woman was to attain one of her fond ambitions by exchanging the freshness and sweetness of country sights and sounds for city surroundings, she found herself still far from securing another equally fond; for Robert did not agree with her in her contempt for the old furniture, but urged his desire to hold on to it with a persistence which led Rachel wisely to yield her point for the present, the better to carry it by and by.

She was obliged to acknowledge to herself that the sideboard did not look badly in the dining-room of the narrow city house. But months later, as the time drew near when it became proper that she should entertain her

small circle of friends, she took a peep into a fashionable furniture dealer's.

Sideboards there were in abundance. What varieties of rich design, what marvels of carving and delicate finish! Rachel was charmed with all she saw, and fixed her longing eyes upon one sideboard which seemed to combine elegance with a plainness which she thought might possibly bring it within her means.

"Ninety dollars. That is one of our most tasteful styles"

She had always had an idea of at some time trading in the old sideboard in part payment for a new one, but had come in without any thought of such a suggestion in a stylish precinct like this. Emboldened, however, by her extreme desire for the admired piece of furniture, she ventured:

"You never take old furniture in exchange—I suppose—?"

"Well, not very often," said the salesman, politely. "It depends, of course, upon what it is."

"Mine is an old sideboard."

"Very old?"

"Yes, very; too old, probably, for any purpose of yours," said Rachel, turning away with a suppressed sigh.

"I will send some one to look at it," said the man, taking her address, "and if you will call to-morrow we will let you know what we can do."

Rachel called, with but little hope of hearing anything encouraging.

"We can allow you one-half the price of this sideboard for your old one, madam."

Rachel was delighted and amazed. She had not anticipated such favorable terms.

"I will think over your offer and let you know," she said.

The next thing was to get Robert's consent. "I want a new sideboard, dreadfully, Robert," she said.

"Why, Rachel, times are pretty hard, you know. I thought we had agreed to get along for awhile with the old furniture."

"Well, haven't we got along for awhile?" she said, coaxingly. "Everybody we know has better things than we have. Did you notice Mrs. Carey's sideboard, the evening we took tea there?"

"No."

"Of course you didn't. Men never do. It is a beauty; but I've seen one I like still better."

"Ah! you have been looking, have you?" said Robert, with a smile.

"It was no harm to look before bothering you about it."

"I don't feel though, Rachel," he said, more soberly, "as if I could afford an expensive piece of furniture just now."

"But if I could trade in the old sideboard to help pay for a new one?"

"I'm a little fond of the old stuff, you know, wife. And I don't believe any one would allow anything worth speaking of for it."

"Really, Robert, the old thing is hardly fit to be seen, with its clumsy shape and thin legs and not a bit of marble about it. You ought to see the marble slab on that one, as big as—"

"As a gravestone, hey? That's what they always look like to me."

"Nonsense, Robert. But if it would pay half the price of the new one?"

"Will it do that?"

"Yes."

The sequel may be guessed. The new sideboard came home, for Robert allowed himself to be persuaded when he saw how his wife's heart was set upon it.

Rachel was jubilant, for on closer examination she found the new sideboard to be in several respects finer and more desirable than that of Mrs. Carey, whom she had silently adopted as a guide in matters of taste. Rachel had her company, and felt in full satisfaction the dignity and grandeur which the new sideboard shed upon the affair.

"I have something new I want to show you," said Mrs. Carey to Rachel, not long after. "I have had the good fortune to happen on a real treasure in the way of a piece of antiquity. Old things are all the rage now, you know. Come and let me show you."

Rachel followed her through the hall, the lady still chatting.

"I got it as a special favor, because I have always dealt at the place—they say it's a valued family relic, and they couldn't have secured it at all if the family had not been in very straitened circumstances. Sorry for them, I'm sure, but glad I'm the one to profit by their distresses,

seeing some one had to. They let me have it only a little advance on the cost—only one hundred and seventy-five dollars—really very low, when old things are bringing such high prices. See now!"

She drew the curtains and let in the full light.

"There! Isn't it a delightfully old-fashioned thing! Isn't it a perfect beauty? Such a change from the fussy, carved, varnished things we get nowadays."

"Yes, indeed," said Rachel, swallowing a gasp as she looked at the despised sideboard she had lately called her own, its air of solid respectability giving an added dignity to the handsome room.

She had her share of pride and spirit, and in one flash of thought decided never to have the matter known any further than she could help. She had made a mistake which could not be undone. She listened to Mrs. Carey's lavish expressions of satisfaction with her purchase, and took her leave bearing a heart full of chagrin over her folly in not being willing to take friendly advice.

The antique furniture which remained to her was brought from its hiding-place in the attic, and became more and more prized as years went on. But she will always have a bitter thought concerning the old sideboard which graces Mrs. Carey's dining-room.

MRS. MARTHA H. COCHRAN.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

IF you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserv'd praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Teach the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
By its humble pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's eyes,
Share them. And, by sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh is rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.

There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go;
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

UNIDENTIFIED.

THE INDIAN'S PRAYER.

The Indian maidens set little leaf-lamps afloat on the Ganges, and watch them drifting down into the darkness. The longer the prayer-laden vessel keeps its oil burning, the happier is the maid who launched it.

FALLS the evening o'er the forest,
And the sun behind the trees
Tinges all the leaves with crimson,
As they flutter in the breeze.

Swiftly flows the sacred river,
Darkling with the growing night;
Fireflies flash across the water,
Little streams of lustrous light.

Through the tangled forest creeping,
Comes a soft-eyed Indian maid,
With a leaf boat, that, fire-freighted,
Sends a halo through the shade.

Now, upon the sacred river
Launches she the little boat,
And the wind and water playing,
Hurry to the lamp afloat,

Till the wavelets, lapping, lapping,
Trickle o'er the tiny leaf;
Indian maiden, watching, watching,
See, thy bark has come to grief.

For the flickering gleam has vanished,
Gone like spark in wintry air,
Leaving on the river darkness,
Leaving in thine heart despair.

All the dreams thy young heart cherished,
All the hopes thou lovedst so long,
Shattered; for the sacred river
Never gives its omens wrong.

* * * * *
Morning dawns across the river,
Bearing seaward on its breast,
Here, a leaf, and there, a maiden;
And the maiden is at rest.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

A CLUSTER of delicate roses bound with a
ribbon of blue,
Three golden words on a perfumed leaf, declar-
ing, "I love you."

Away in the beautiful Paris a little French
maiden sang,
All the joy of her blithesome spirit in the notes
of the melody rang,
And softly she kissed the roses and smiled on
the ribbon of blue,
But a happy tear from her black eye fell on the
glittering "I love you."

Deep in the heart of London a lady of titled
birth
Gazed on the scented treasure grown to a price-
less worth—

A token of warm affection, a voice from her
hero true,
And the proud, shy eyes drank slowly the radi-
ant "I love you."

Here in our Eastern city, wrapped in its veil of
snow,
Where the very winds their song of peace
breathe ever soft and slow,
Two lovely cheeks blushed deeper, dyed with
the roses' hue,
The brown head drooped till a fair curl fell on
the magical "I love you."

O sweetheart of some dark-eyed knight! sing
on so glad and gay,
O countless in your English home! awake your
heart to-day.

But dear to me are the blushing cheeks and the
timid eyes of blue,
For oh! my little brown eyed lass, surely I love
you.

L. R. BAKER.

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GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

GRANDCHILDREN, you must not forget
That the Marquis de Lafayette
Beneath this roof once slept and ate—
Yes; and often at table the Aide
Of the Marquis smiled on the pretty maid
Who filled their glasses. From the gate
They shook the snow at morning gray,
And toward the camp they rode away,
And when the evening drill was done,
Dismounted here at set of sun.

One morning the Marquis rode, but the Aide—
"J'ai mal," or something like that he said;
He took French leave; at home he stayed,
And fretted and fumed and hindered the maid.
At eve the Marquis, as often before,
Climbed the high stairway, opened the door,
And silently looked across the room;
Somewhere he heard from the twilight gloom
A scream, and saw the impudent Aide
Seize and kiss his serving maid.

Nothing the Marquis said to the Aide,
Nothing he said to the struggling maid,
But down the deep stairs, out into the snow,
—I laugh, but ah! it was long ago—
Out of the house, down yonder path,
He booted the Aide in his sudden wrath.
All at once four voices said,
"Why, Grandma, you were the pretty maid!
But what of the Aide?" With never a glance
Turned backward, straight he sailed for France.
ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER, in *Good Cheer*.

TEARS.

THERE be three hundred different ways and
more
Of speaking, but of weeping only one;
And that one way, the wide world o'er and o'er,
Is known by all, though it is taught by none.
No man is master of this ancient lore,
And no man pupil. Every simpleton
Can weep as well as every sage. The man
Does it no better than the infant can.

The first thing all men learn is how to speak,
Yet understand they not each other's speech;
But tears are neither Latin, nor yet Greek,
Nor prose, nor verse. The language that they
teach
Is universal. Cleopatra's cheek
They decked with pearls no richer than from
each
Of earth's innumerable mourners fall
Unstudied, yet correctly classical.

Tears are the oldest and the commonest
Of all things upon earth; and yet how new
The tale each time told by them! how unblest
Were life's hard way without their heavenly
dew;
Joy borrows them from Grief; Faith trembles lest
She lose them; even Hope herself smiles thro'
The rainbow they make, round her as they fall;
And Death, that cannot weep, sets weeping all.
LYTTON.

"MIKADO" WALTZES.

Composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Arr. by P. BUGALOSKI.

"A Wand'ring Minstrel I."

1.

First system: Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a whole rest followed by eighth notes. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Second system: Treble staff continues with eighth notes. Bass staff continues with eighth notes, marked *cres.* Third system: Treble staff continues with eighth notes. Bass staff continues with eighth notes. Fourth system: Treble staff continues with eighth notes. Bass staff continues with eighth notes, marked *cres.* Fifth system: Treble staff continues with eighth notes. Bass staff continues with eighth notes, marked *dim.* Sixth system: Treble staff continues with eighth notes. Bass staff continues with eighth notes, marked *piu.* The piece ends with a double bar line and the word **FINE.**

"On a Tree by a River a Little Tomtit."

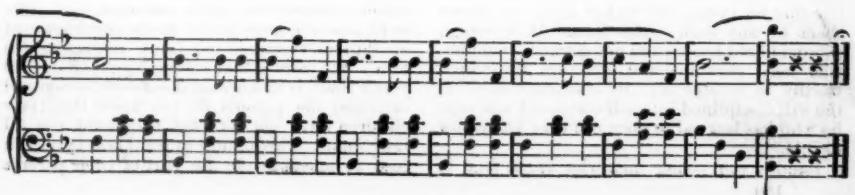
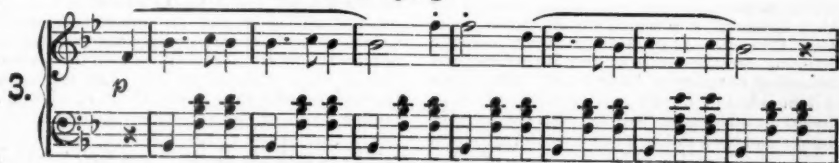
2.

First system: Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a melody starting with a quarter note. Bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Second system: Treble staff continues with eighth notes. Bass staff continues with eighth notes, marked *mf*. Third system: Treble staff continues with eighth notes. Bass staff continues with eighth notes, marked *p*. Fourth system: Treble staff continues with eighth notes. Bass staff continues with eighth notes, marked *mf*. Fifth system: Treble staff continues with eighth notes. Bass staff continues with eighth notes, marked *p*. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Play each Waltz twice, then No. 2, and then No. 1.



"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring."



YOUNG MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

AN OLD MAN'S VIEWS ON SOME YOUNG MEN'S WAYS.

"THE FATHERS THAT ARE TO BE."

IT is very hard to realize that the young men of to-day will be the fathers of twenty years hence, and that the fathers of to-day were the young men of twenty years ago. It is indeed a very trite fact, but it is worthy of some examination, for it has certain bearings which are apt to be overlooked.

Blessed indeed are those children who can truly say that their fathers have shown them something of what God means when He calls Himself "Our Father." From them much will be expected; for to them the greatest of all earthly boons has been given. Their fleshly nature has come to them as nearly pure and whole as mortality can be, a fitting garment for that immortal soul which we all derive from God Himself. They have a noble example hanging on the walls of the innermost and homeliest chamber of their heart. They have a true ideal of human relationships. I lately heard a middle-aged lady say that the name of father had been to her a synonym for goodness and wisdom, until a wider experience of other family histories had convinced her that it is not always so.

For it is not always so. We must grant that at once. One of the great dangers of a certain style of thought is the heedless confusion of ideals and realities. A true ideal may be unattained, but it must be always attainable; and the more we see what any relationship ought to be, and might be, the more readily shall we recognize the deadly damage and loss which exists when there is not even effort toward fulfillment of its right ends.

Is it wise, young men, to grow impatient of the counsel and control of a good father? He is much more likely to be right than they are, since he has already been over a bit of the way which is still to them untried. Even when young people cannot help thinking their parents unreasonable in their commands or restrictions, they should not rebel. We are bound to obey our parents "in the Lord;" that is, whenever their law does not lead us to the transgression of some higher law given by God, the Father, to all His children; and it is generally the case that the parental laws which excite most discontent are laws which only restrain from more than doubtful good. Young people should realize that no insult, but rather honor, is shown them by any such restrictions. It is young, thoroughbred horses, and not donkeys or mules, who need restraint and who are considered worthy to receive it! By obedience alone is the will disciplined into self-command, and only he who has learned to obey can ever know how to rule.

Besides, you young men who are so fond of

demanding "fair play," remember that it is only fair that those who are, at bottom, responsible for you, should have rights over you. I knew a lad years ago who, when he left home, spurned his father's suggestion that he should seek another home in the shelter of a friendly family. He thought he was quite able to take care of himself, and so he would go into lonely lodgings, where he was speedily surrounded by influences and associates from which it cost his father nearly two hundred pounds in cash (we say nothing of heart-break) to extricate him. Was that fair? As long as you expect help from your parents, they have a right to command you, unless their commands are of such a nature that you feel you must even surrender their help rather than obey them.

But there are far more numerous sad cases of a widely different sort, where children think themselves set free from all attention to their parents' wishes because an unfortunate social state has made them too early independent of parental support. Let them look on the reverse side of such a theory of life. Let them ask themselves what they would think if, when ill, broken down, or disgraced, they turned to the aged father or the widowed mother, to be coldly sent away with the words: "You have no claim on me, for I do not keep you." While, thus, in the bottom of their hearts, they hold their parents to be, in some sense, still responsible for them, let them remember that *responsibility must always carry rights*.

All this does not mean that the young people are not to express their wishes in any matter; it does not even mean that they are always to give up those wishes, but only that they are to keep them in abeyance. Time will but test them, and, if they are commendable, time and patient surrender will only strengthen them to bear their best fruit in due season. As John Ruskin beautifully says: "You must be doubly submissive—first, in your own will and purpose to the law of Christ; then, in the carrying out of your purpose to the pleasure and orders of the persons whom He has given you for superiors. And you are not to submit to them sullenly, but joyfully and heartily, keeping, nevertheless, your own purpose clear so soon as it becomes proper for you to carry it out."

You will earn lawful and happy freedom only by such submission. The more honestly anxious you show yourself to conform to your parents' will concerning you, the more inclined will they be to feel that your wishes and inclinations deserve the utmost consideration. In a word, a young man cannot be too considerate of his father's views nor too frank respecting his own. We believe that among loyal and dutiful youth there is much wasted self-suppression and sacrifice; the parents do not know that their children have not got what they want nor all they want. This failure in frankness may even lead to mistakes on the part of their parents

which will have wasteful or pernicious results. A father looks anxiously out into the world for his boy's sake. He wants to secure him from evil and for good; but the mists of increasing change are over everything that is mortal. Since the good father's own day the tides of temptation have receded from one shore of circumstance and advanced upon another. Perhaps, where he stood secure, his son could now only stand amid the buffetings of perplexity and besetment. His son does not think of this, and he keeps silence; and the father never dreams of the struggle the lad has or of the sharp corners he is obliged to turn. This is wrong; it is not treating his father as the father would like to be treated. If he fall away and his father comes subsequently to learn the truth, that father's heart will suffer the sharpest pang that love can feel—the bitter consciousness of having ignorantly contributed to the downfall of the beloved one. If he struggle safely through, his safety will be a precedent for the endanger-

ing other lads who may have weaker moral fibre than he, or, what is more likely to be the case, who may happen to miss some interposing providence which just helped him through! Let us all seek to be true, and absolutely study how to be frank. All goodness and all good things in this world are served by truth and hindered by falsehood. All evil things and evil people shun the truth and seek shelter in lies. Let a young man trust only those friends and that kindness which insist upon and conduce to his candor with his father. Let him never degrade his mother or sister by tempting them into any evasion or concealment from his father for his sake; for, indeed, frankness may be said to be the special duty and beauty of the filial relation. As John Ruskin forcibly puts it: "A young man will have the devil for his confessor if he does not have his father or his friend."—EDWARD GARRETT, *Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," etc.*

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

FROM all sides come encouraging accounts of the progress of the temperance cause, and in its foremost ranks we find the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, meeting in Philadelphia, at Association Hall, in November of last year. Women were strongly advised to push the distribution of temperance publications, wisely recommending that a committee should be appointed to examine and suggest books for use in schools where it was compulsory for children to study physiology. It was also suggested the establishing of training-schools in every part of the country, and a wish expressed that cider as a beverage might come under the ban of prohibition. Strong sentiments against Sabbath desecration were expressed, under which head the use of wine at the communion-table was included. A resolution was adopted against high-license as a "moneyed compromise;" and, also, one in favor of equal penalties being inflicted upon both sexes for special impunity of life and morals. And thus the good work went bravely on; the next place of meeting being agreed upon was that of Minneapolis, Minn.

Let us give the children all honor who have come forward so bravely in the cause of temperance; for "as the twig is bent so the tree will grow;" and from the Children's Centennial Temperance Jubilee, in connection with, and two days prior to, the Woman's Union, we may confidently look for good results in the future.

From Baltimore comes the reassuring voice of the Roman Catholic clergy, who, joining on the side of law and order, have exerted themselves so effectually among their congregations as to materially lessen the work of the police

force in that city in the work of enforcing the Sunday law against the sale of liquor. Are the Roman Catholic clergy to be the sole ones in this admirable influence? Why should not clergymen of all denominations work through their personal influence in their own congregations to forward in so effectual a way the true interest of mankind?

The following news must prove a staff of encouragement to the weak and a rainbow of hope to those who sink under the burden of discouragement. A telegram to the *Press* says: "The entire adult population of St. Marthe village, Canada, voluntarily assembled in church and pledged themselves to abstain from alcoholic beverages for one year. The village has a population of two thousand persons."

Said Canon Farrar, of Westminster, our distinguished English visitor, in his lecture, entitled, "My Impressions of America:" "We opened the way for emancipation for you, and you can help us to stem the tide of intemperance in England by your wise and bold legislation on the subject in America." Shall Americans remain deaf to this cry coming to us across the water from the mother country and the only other English-speaking nation on the face of the globe?

In an article on the influence of alcohol on living cells, by Dr. Ridge, the following facts were demonstrated: 1. That infinitesimal quantities of alcohol affect living protoplasm. 2. That the effect is directly proportional to the amount of alcohol present. 3. That its influence is never to stimulate life and growth, but always to hinder and depress it.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE HOME CLUB.

MEETING AT MRS. GREYSON'S.

Mrs. Greyson.—It is not our custom to have any refreshments, but I wish the ladies all to try a piece of the pies I made this morning. I used a new recipe sent me by my cousin in Iowa.

Mrs. Grey.—It is very good, indeed.

Mrs. Wood.—If the recipe differs from the one generally used I would like to have it, for the pies certainly are very nice.

Mrs. Greyson.—The pies are made without eggs. For each pie I allow four tablespoonfuls of stewed and mashed squash, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and two-thirds of a cupful of milk. I beat the squash, sugar, and spice together until very smooth, then pour in the milk boiling hot, holding it up high and pouring slowly while I beat the custard briskly all the time. The result is a custard as light and fine grained as if eggs had been used. It is important that the milk is boiling when poured on the squash.

Mrs. Dun.—I shall certainly make my pies so in the future, for now that eggs are high and scarce it will be quite a saving.

Mrs. Power.—Another way to economize in the use of eggs is to make one egg do for the clearing of a large panful of coffee. Instead of mixing egg with the coffee after it is ground, I break one egg into a panful of coffee, freshly browned and yet hot enough to cook the egg. The egg and coffee must be stirred quickly together, so that each grain will receive a coating.

Mrs. Grey.—We make excellent griddle cakes without eggs, and like them much better and find them far more healthful than those made with eggs. I use four cupfuls of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and enough sweet milk to make a rather thin batter. I can let the children eat all they want of these cakes and they seem to thrive on them.

Mrs. Stone.—I will add a mite by giving a recipe for a really good cake, which calls for only one egg: One cup and a half of sugar, half a cup of butter, three of flour, one-half cup of milk, one egg, one-half cup of strong coffee, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one of ginger, one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Beat the sugar, butter, egg, and spice together, stir in the milk and coffee, mix the baking-powder into the flour, and stir in last; beat all smooth. The batter should be rather thin. Bake quickly. This cake will not keep long, but is excellent while fresh.

Mrs. Stout.—While visiting a friend lately, I was much pleased with the way she had her morning dresses made. They were cut like a long polonaise, almost tight-fitting in front and made full in the back by the addition of two extra widths. A neat ruffle of the calico went

around the neck and wrists, and the garment buttoned down the front. My friend always looked as neat when about her work as when dressed for company. Yet her dress was just suited for any kind of kitchen work.

Mrs. Gaylord.—It is a great mistake to use old dresses which have been made for "best dresses," and have become too worn for such wear for work dresses. They are not fit for such use. They have too much trimming and soon become very soiled and shabby. A plain calico is far more appropriate. A woman can work much faster and with far more ease when she is dressed to suit the work she has to do.

Mrs. Haddon.—I like a full skirt sewed into a belt at the waist very well. I always make the waist a very easy fit around the shoulders and sleeves, and around the waist. There is nothing tries me more when I am working than to have my dress bind me around the arm-size.

Mrs. Duncan.—I use slip-sleeves made of old calico to slip over my dress-sleeves when I am obliged to go into the kitchen with a good dress on. I run an elastic cord in casings at the hand and top, so they fit in close around the wrist, and I do not have to hunt for a pin to fasten them up. The elastic at the top holds them in place nicely.

Mrs. Watson.—I have just made my two little girls very comfortable leggings out of cloth. I used the best part of a coat and a pair of pants, which were too worn to serve longer in their original state. I made my own pattern, following the idea of some I had seen in the stores. I cut the shape by a stocking, making it enough larger to fit nicely over the shoe and long enough to come up well over the knee. Each legging is in three pieces; the inner piece is like half a stocking, but the outside is in two pieces and the front buttons over on to the back.

Mrs. Greyson.—I have found it a good plan when making leggings for small children to cut them with feet. I sew cloth soles in them; when such leggings are drawn on and light rubbers drawn over their feet, the child is most effectually protected from the snow or wet. Plain rubbers with such leggings are sufficient in ordinary weather, but if very cold Arctic overshoes should be worn. One cannot be too careful about having a child's feet and limbs dressed warm enough, so as they will be protected from any chance of damp feet.

Mrs. Dodd.—I find that partly worn woolen stockings or socks make good leggings for children. I take my stockings which can no longer be mended, cut out the worn feet, and also cut them down the outside of the leg. I face them around the foot and up each side with a strip of some kind of firm material, and button them up with flat buttonholes. For Molly, who is only a year old, I made a very pretty pair out of a pair of red woolen stockings. I did not cut

them open, but left them to draw on. I faced them around the foot with a bit of red silk and worked a pattern up each side with red silk a shade lighter than the leggings. They cost me nothing, for I used scraps of silk left from lining and had the silk for the embroidery in the house. They were quite as pretty as some I saw in the stores, which cost more than I could afford.

AUNT PATTY'S COTTAGE-PUDDING.

WE girls used to call dear Aunt Patty our "labor-saving machine." She could always tell us the very easiest way to do our preserving, the fastest way to get through with our sewing, and was sure to know some easy plan for thrusting the thorns away from our path, if even we failed to make believe they were, in reality, roses. I remember going to her one morning to grumble over the trouble desserts made in my life.

"Just think, Aunt Patty, I give up at least an hour out of every blessed morning concocting some miserable dessert which hardly spends five minutes on the table and is eaten up in one-tenth of the time I took to make it; and next week I am going to have company, so it will be quite impossible to spend half my time thinking about, and the other half in getting up, my desserts."

Aunt Patty smiled.

"You are a girl for exaggerating trouble, if ever there was one," she said. "If I were going to have company for a week, and wanted to give my thoughts and time to them, I would not worry about desserts at all, but just have cottage-pudding after dinner every day."

"Every day! O Aunt Patty!"

"Yes, varied a little, I would; and if you follow my directions I don't believe your friends will ever know they have been cheated by the different dresses with which you can disguise my pudding. First, here is the simple pudding: One pint of flour, two eggs, butter the size of an egg, one cup of granulated sugar, one cup of milk, a teaspoonful of yeast-powder, flavoring. Cream the butter and flour, beat in the yolks of the eggs—the whites beat separately; add the milk, flour, and flavoring, and, last of all, the whites. This will make two small cakes. One we use for dessert the first day, hot, with custard well sweetened and flavored. Make enough of this for dessert number two. So next day all we have to do is to cut the cake into thin slices in a glass dish, with two oranges, chopped up into small pieces, over it in layers; over this pour the custard. For number three we bake our easy cake again. This time we use double quantities, as we want it for three times. Bake some in two jelly-pans, some in muffin-rings, and what is left in any pan that is convenient, as we only want to use it stale. For desserts number three and four, make quite a quart of rich custard; spread some of it between, and some on top, of the jelly-cakes, surrounding with the whites of two eggs beaten with a little fine sugar, and have a little red preserves—quinces, cherries, or currants—dropped here and there. The rest of the

custard we thin with a pint of milk; grate, or else break, the stale cake into it, and bake for a short time in a quick oven. Put a little butter over the top. For the fifth we take the small cakes baked in the muffin-rings. Hollow the centres out (which may be added to the baked pudding) and fill up the space with pumpkin or sweet potatoes, stewed with milk, well mashed up and highly spiced. The mixture must not be very stiff, as it has to undergo a baking after it is put in the cakes. Any filling will answer—rich chocolate, thickened with corn starch, and sweetened—or 'kiss-mixture' is easily made and pretty to look at.

"Now, as the cake is all used up, we bake again. All of this must go, in very thin layers, in the jelly-pans. Take evaporated apricots, peaches, or apples, and stew carefully with plenty of sugar and some decided flavoring, if you use apples, or any sort of preserves may be used. Now, one layer of cake, one of fruit, one of cake, one of fruit, and let the top one be fruit. Bake for half an hour and put plenty of powdered sugar on before serving.

"Cut your cake into thin, pie-shaped pieces; flavor some milk with strawberry and soak each piece of cake slightly in it. Now put it in a dish with strawberry preserves and cover the dish with whipped cream.

"Remember, the quantity of cake made from this recipe is not meant for a large family, but it can easily be doubled if the quantity named is not sufficient."

I am sure that week, after receiving Aunt Patty's recipe for cottage-pudding, I hardly had to think about desserts (and that was always the worst part of the work to me); and it took so little time in preparing them that I would laugh at myself for having been careful and troubled over such a little thing.

After awhile I began to make experiments myself on the capabilities and possibilities of this pudding, and I found it so elastic that it could be served in enough disguises to last over several weeks. And now, when the family are in doubt as to what they are eating, I smile and say:

"I have found out a new dress for Aunt Patty's cottage-pudding."

Cousin Max.

RECIPES.

CAKE PUDDING.—Butter, size of an egg, one cup of sugar, one of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half teaspoonful of soda, one pint of flour, fruit.

TONGUES WITH CABBAGE.—Use small fresh or salted tongues for this dish; if salted tongues are used, they should be soaked over night in cold water; fresh ones should be washed in cold water; when the tongues are ready for boiling, place them over the fire in boiling water, and boil them slowly about an hour, or until they are quite tender, adding a tablespoonful of salt to the water if the tongues are fresh; if they are salt they should be put over the fire in cold water. After the tongues are placed on the fire wash a medium-sized cabbage

in plenty of cold water, and cut in thin slices. Put in a large saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter, a saltspoonful of salt, a quarter of a saltspoonful of pepper, and the sliced cabbage; place the saucepan over the fire, and cook its contents slowly for half an hour; then add to it a cup of milk thickened with a teaspoonful of flour, and stir the cabbage until the milk boils; then mix in a tablespoonful of lemon juice or vinegar, and serve the cabbage immediately on a platter, with the tongues laid on it.

A DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE CAKE is made from this recipe: The whites of eight eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one cupful of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking-

powder. Beat the butter and sugar till they are as light as cream, add the milk next, then the flour, and lastly the whites of the eggs, beaten till they are stiff. Divide the dough thus made into two parts, grate an ounce of sweet chocolate and mix with one of these parts. Bake the cake in layers, and put a dark layer at the bottom, then a white one, and so on. Between these layers spread a custard made of one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter. Let this come to the boiling-point, then add two eggs, one cupful of sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of corn-starch or arrowroot, mixed with a little cold milk. This recipe makes a large cake, and for a small family it is advisable to use half the quantity.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

FAIRY QUEEN TATTING.—Double thread, six knots on thread of ball. One loop, six knots, one loop, eight knots. Turn, work with shuttle, wrap thread around hand from shuttle, make six knots, one loop, six knots, draw up, form small circle. Form another small circle above. Turn, and wrap thread upon hand from ball, and work ten knots with shuttle. Turn. Wrap thread upon hand from shuttle, and make six knots, and join to little circle by one loop. * Work one knot and one loop; repeat from * seven times. Six knots plain, and draw up. Work two more large circles, ten knots on thread of ball, and two small circles. Then eight knots, join to first loop; six knots, join to loop on small circle. This constitutes one leaf of pattern. In linen thread this model suggests Maltese lace, or, in black silk, heavy guipure.

LADY'S KNITTED SKIRT.—Materials: Thirteen ounces of shrimp pink Germantown and two bone knitting pins, medium size.

This skirt is knitted in two pieces, and sewed together at the sides; there is no narrowing or widening, and the fullness at the top makes it large enough to slip over the head without making any pocket hole.

Cast on one hundred and sixty-four stitches, and knit across plain.

First Row.—Slip one, knit one (a), over, knit five, narrow, knit two, narrow, knit five, over, knit two. Repeat from (a) eight times, and knit last stitch plain.

Second Row.—Plain.

Repeat these two rows eleven times each. This forms the lace trimming for the bottom of the skirt.

First Row of the body is like first row of lace.

Second Row.—Purl.

Third Row.—Like first.

Fourth Row.—Purl.

Fifth Row.—Like first.

Sixth Row.—Plain.

Seventh Row.—Purl.

Eighth Row.—Plain.

Repeat these eight rows of the body until the

skirt is the desired length, then knit two rows of open-work through which to lace the cord or ribbon.

Knit one (a), narrow, over. Repeat from (a) to end of row.

Last row plain, and bind off loosely.

For a child of a year and a half or two years, six ounces of Saxony and two knitting pins, No. 13. Cast on one hundred and twenty-eight stitches, and repeat the pattern as given for the large skirt, until the desired length.

LADIES' LEGGINGS.—Materials: Eight ounces of Dorcas knitting worsted, four knitting needles, No. 12.

Cast on ninety stitches, thirty on each needle; join in a circle, and knit one round plain.

Now work in ribbed stitch, two plain, two purl, until the leggings are about fifteen inches in length. Now begin to narrow by knitting together the first two stitches and the last two stitches of the round. Repeat this narrowing in every eighth row nine times. You should now have seventy stitches in the round. Divide these into two equal parts, front and back, and knit the one half back and forth twenty-four times, always continuing the ribbed stitch. Bind off these thirty-five stitches, pick up the twelve side stitches and knit them plain; the remaining thirty-five stitches knit in ribbed stitch and then pick up the twelve stitches on other side. The next twenty-four rows continue in the same manner, this makes the gores plain and the front ribbed, narrowing every alternate row one stitch on each side of the middle part, until all the stitches in the gore are gone. Knit the remaining stitches thirty rows more. Bind off and finish by crocheting an edge around. Sew the elastic strips onto the under side of the gore.—*The Dorcas.*

BAG FOR WORK OR SHOPPING.—The mania for bags seems to be on the increase; they are seen in every conceivable shape and of every kind of material.

The design of the one shown here can be

carried out in any sized bag, from one small enough for a few spools of thread to one large enough to carry fancy work about in. It looks rather elaborate, but will not be found so upon examination. The bag is made of old gold colored plush and the fan of two shades of peacock blue. The foundation for the fan is cut out of pasteboard, representing a fan three-quarters open. Cut one out of white wiggan the width

until all the spaces are covered, turn the ends up at the bottom and catch them down on the wrong side. Fasten the pieces down with a fancy stitch worked in silk; use a lighter shade on the dark, and *vice versa*. A little embroidery may be added to the fan if one wishes. Cover the lower part of the fan with a piece of plush like the bag; sew the upper part you have just made on it, turn the edges under at



BAG FOR WORK OR SHOPPING.

of this, and two-thirds the depth, lay it on the pasteboard and draw straight lines from the centre of bottom to the top, dividing it in sixteen equal parts, cut the top of buckram and pasteboard in points, and also the bottom of the wiggan, then commence at one side and baste a strip of light plush on the space indicated for it; then a strip of the dark lapping over it; baste the strips on alternately in this manner

the top; narrow black velvet is sewed in to imitate the sticks. The fan for the back of the bag is covered plainly with the blue plush; join the two together by overhanding them together at the sides. The bottom of the bag is cut the shape of fan. It is lined with blue satin; sew the bottom in a seam on the right side, and sew the fan on it.

HINTS ON FURNISHING.

OF all the wonderful ideas people take up there are few to equal in strangeness the notion a good many persons appear to possess of the spending value of money, and when suddenly called on to lay it out judiciously and carefully it is hard to imagine anything so "sair left tae themselfs," to use an old Scotch idiom, as these good folk. One woman will create a home for herself and her family, almost ideally perfect in its pretty comfort, for the sum another spends simply on carpets, and those very often ugly ones, bought cheap on account of their old fashion or "unsuitability for the present tastes." In other words, their utter worthlessness as decoration.

The general rule must be borne in mind by all would-be furnishers, that kitchen utensils and bedding *must* be new and good; and unfortunately these items are almost certain to cost half as much again as one has reckoned them at in one's mental estimate. A catalogue—perhaps several—may be consulted, and an effective-looking list compiled therefrom. Next you visit the warehouse, and ask to be shown the articles required. You are not strictly accurate in your description, perhaps, but anyhow something like the following is sure to occur.

You are shown a bed and its appropriate furniture, examine it approvingly, and pretty nearly decide on it, when some guardian angel hints to you the advisability of definitely asking the price. "Oh! but I asked for such and such a bed in your catalogue."

"I beg your pardon, madam; I did not quite catch. But here it is," showing one a little further on; "this is more, you see, as it is an extra size," or "the mattresses in this one are superior," etc.—in short, some difference which no doubt quite honestly increases the price; but in the meantime you are utterly out of conceit with your "advertised" choice, and unless very strong-minded, you succumb to temptation, mentally resolving to atone for this extravagance by economy elsewhere.

If it is a question of furnishing on such means, make out a liberal list of kitchen and household requisites, pots and pans, brushes and brooms, then the beds and beddings (allowing a handsome margin), then the furniture actually necessary for the bed-rooms, the dining-room, the hall, and the stairs, leaving the drawing-room till the last. In this way you will have fewer utterly indispensable items forgotten, and you will learn two useful lessons: first, how very short a way money will go; and secondly, how formidable, in number at all events, are the requirements of a household.

There is a great advantage in getting most of your furniture at one large, good shop instead of wandering around, trying for special economies, which is that, in the first case, the shopkeeper or his assistant will generally take an interest in your wants, and, knowing what you

have got, will suggest many little alterations that will add vastly to the convenience and beauty of your purchases, even if not sensibly decreasing your actual sum total. It is not possible to catalogue all the different sorts and shapes of furniture kept in a large establishment, and very often the shopmen will be able to point out articles which will exactly meet your requirements, and which they on their side are equally glad to sell off, even at a little discount, as, though just the very thing for you, they might not suit the tastes of one in fifty of their other customers. A very good plan in buying bed-room furniture is to buy a very simple, inexpensive suite for your own room, to do until you know what you really have to spare for decoration; and then you can, when all the actual necessities are purchased, consult your taste as well as your purse, and relegate your first set to the second or spare bed-room.

It is wonderful, when you come to look into the matter, how very little furniture is actually required, in a bed-room especially. As a rule, houses are overcrowded, to the great increase of dust, and consequently work. We are at last beginning to replace the old-fashioned, tightly nailed down carpet by the bare boards, stained or otherwise, and loose rugs, which can be taken up and shaken at any time, and, in case of illness, can be rolled up and put away bodily. Then, again, it has dawned on us that our dressing-tables do not require petticoats or our beds valances, all of which alterations add amazingly to the airiness and cleanness of either a bed-room or a sick-room.

As to your drawing-room, if economy is really to be considered, especially if you live in a city, there are plenty of really good second-hand shops where you can procure furniture of a style and make infinitely superior to what you could buy new. If you go to a large maker with a deservedly well-known name, you have, of course and very justly, to pay for that name as well as for the furniture; but with patience and sharp eyes you may, especially at the close of the season, furnish your drawing and dining room gradually, at respectable second hand shops, as well as if you had gone in the first instance to the original maker, and far better than if you had gone to the only shops your means would allow you to buy new goods at. Cheap furniture is nowadays *very* pretty, and honestly for its price very good; but, even at the best, the fresh, delicate cretonne and sateen covers that make them so attractive, will be dirty even with moderate wear in eighteen months, whereas tapestry, if good, will last for years.

If the house-mistress is fairly handy, she can make up no end of odds and ends for her room, which, if they had to be bought made up, would be simply ruinous. And, if by good luck she knows a good working carpenter, there is literally no limit to the contrivances by which she

can adorn her house and supply the deficiencies of her scanty furniture and shallow purse.

The usual objections to fancy-work embellishments to a room is the expense of the making up. Now, any really efficient worker ought to be able to make up any article she can make the work for. The materials are nothing out of the way, but the work requires neat hands and time, and it is this which is so expensive. Curtains, mantel valances, and cushions are all absurdly easy to make up; ottomans, chairs, and screens, if a little more complicated, are not by any means as difficult to manage as they look. For some reason difficult to understand, a mantel valance and curtains are an addition to a room that is always spoken of solemnly as a *very* expensive, though desirable, one. As a matter of fact, few pieces of work are easier to make at home at small expense. Any carpenter will make you a board, and very little ingenuity is required to fasten the curtain-rods to it so as not to damage the piece—usually the first objection. As to covering it, any one who can use a hammer and tacks can do that. A remnant of tapestry, tinsel or otherwise, is pretty.

The great thing in furnishing is to consider the rooms to be provided for, under all their aspects, and then to make up your mind as to what is wanted *and stick to it*. You must not go changing about, now trying one fashion and then another, or the result will be frightful incongruity. A thing may be lovely in and by itself, though it will utterly at once spoil the effect of your room. Of course, if money is no object, and you can afford to get rid of furniture as soon as it grows common or you are tired of it, well and good; you may allow yourself some "fancies;" but when your purchases will have to last you pretty nearly your lifetime, it behooves you to choose such as will not carry their date legibly on their surface. Above all, remember that if you are to live in a room, your surroundings must bear close inspection. Those "sweetly pretty" plaques and panels of impossible flowers and improbable dicky birds may do well enough for a day or two, but in a month or so you will become more than dubious as to their coloring and utterly disturbed by their drawing, and these states of mind are fatal to comfort. If you cannot afford the really good in any branch of art do not be content with indifferent specimens, but try for a less ambitious style of beauty. *Vieux Saxe* is delicious, but its modern imitation, which one sees only too often, is usually a base calumny on its lovely original; and good, honest Japanese, or ordinary Dunmore pottery, would, in the long run, be fifty times more satisfactory. Orchids are doubtless beautiful, but it is not given to every one to own such luxuries, and the common buttercups and wild honeysuckle will be exquisite in their own style and undoubtedly better than waxen portraits of the gorgeous exotics.

Have things good of their kind and in keeping, is a golden rule. I remember a room I once saw. It belonged to an old farm-house, formerly a manor house. It was a long, low, whitewashed room, with deep windows and heavy beams stretching across the ceiling, alto-

gether as heavy and dark a room as might be. One day, to our surprise, we heard this place had been taken by some strangers, and eventually we called on them, and I shall never forget the change and our surprise. The walls had been tinted a delicate cream color, the whitewash had been scraped from the beams and the doors and replaced by dark oak stain; the deep windows were curtained with bright, turkey-red twill, held back by embroidered bands and supplemented by long curtains of plain book muslin with exquisitely goffered frills. The floor was covered with undyed Chinese matting, and white and crimson sheepskin mats scattered about (this was before the days of Oriental rugs); the furniture was chiefly dark, stained to match the doors, etc., and cushioned with turkey twill, one or two pieces of carved Indian black wood furniture and a nest of little Chippendale tables, such as were then common in old-fashioned country houses; the chimney piece was gorgeous with valance and curtains of magnificent Chinese embroidery on a dark blue-green ground (which was, I fear, part of the loot of a Chinese palace); the old brass fender and irons were preserved, and a splendid tiger skin formed the hearthrug. The walls were enlivened by some good water-colors (the master of the house was no mean painter) a couple of well-filled bookshelves, and everywhere brackets of the cheap, black Swiss carving, laden with Oriental china and flowers. Flowers, indeed, were everywhere—of common kinds, doubtless; but no amount of commonness will put mignonette, and stocks, and scarlet geraniums, and sweet-peas out of court. Anything so fresh and pretty as that transformed room we all agreed we had never seen, and I should be afraid to trust my memory for the sum which, as our friends told us when our acquaintance ripened sufficiently for us to express our admiration that furnishing had cost.

It is curious how utterly wanting some people are in taste. They may appreciate beauty round them, but they are utterly incapable of procuring it for themselves; whilst others again seem able to convert any place, even the hotel room they occupy for one night, into a very bewitching version of home.

But if your room is to be really satisfactory, it must look as if used, and not only kept for show; work must be about, and really good books, which are both pleasant and satisfactory reading. Naturally I am now speaking of small establishments, where a boudoir is impossible, and the drawing-room is presumably the lady's especial den. Almost every woman knows the home look given by the open work-basket, and the work on the little table, guarded by a specimen glass with a flower or two, and *perhaps* an open book.

How well I remember what we used to call "mother's corner" in the old days. A high-backed carved walnut chair in the window overlooking the garden she loved so well; an old-fashioned inlaid, cone-shaped work-table, generally open, with a piece of work bubbling out of it, sometimes bright with many-colored silks and wools, at others plain white work, with glimpses between of the quaint, old world-look-

ing silver work instruments, scissors, thimble, etc., of queer shape and dainty workmanship. She used to do everything in her drawing-room, but somehow "mother's corner" never looked untidy or out of keeping. Her work for the day might be the repairing of shirts or socks, or beautifully fine point lace in process of mak-

ing, or table linen to be darned; or it might be the old-fashioned tapestry that preceded Berlin wool-work; but whatever the work might be, "mother's" work-table was always an ornamental item of the room, and there was never any need to hustle anything out of sight or to "clear up" if visitors suddenly arrived.

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

FASHION NOTES.

COSTUMES for the street are almost invariably made of rough woolen material, with a trimming of braid. They are so pretty, these braids. Each lady uses them according to personal taste or fancy. Sometimes the skirt of the dress is slightly gathered, and round the foot there are three, four, or five rows of braid, or else there is a draped tunic and a small amazon bodice, with Breton plastron made with material striped with braid. For a pattern dress there is a certain quantity of plain material and a certain quantity of the same fabric with the trimming woven in on one side.

Indoor dresses are now made somewhat in the style of a monk's dress. Let not this scare our fair readers; they are very becoming all the same. Fancy a morning-dress of brown woolen material, open in front over a plastron and tablier of white veiling, gathered at the neck, and tightened round it with a gimp cord, either white or brown, finished with thick tassels! The collar is very large, in the form of a sailor collar, and the sleeve facings are very deep; both collar and facings are of white veiling.

For dressy toilets, the handsomest of materials is that called railway faille this winter, which is striped with wide bands of velvet, only these bands are arranged in panels about a yard wide. At the foot of each panel each band is finished into a tuft of loops of silk, which forms a sort of fringe, and the edge of the panel is of velvet.

Woolen fabrics are rough, often woven with wide stripes of moiré or pekin. Striped materials combined with plain ones are fashionable—that is, the striped fabric is employed for the skirt and trimmings only; the tunic is always plain. The bodice generally selected is the short cuirass in the amazon style, curved out very much over the hips, with a point in front and a postilion basque at the back; close sleeve, and turned-up collar. The sleeve, however, sometimes changes, and is made in the Italian style, slightly puffed to the bend of the arm, with a long, plain wrist, either of velvet or of embroidered silk or woolen material.

The plain round skirt has become too common, and has lost a good deal of the favor it had enjoyed. It is still pretty for young girls or for simple street costumes, but has no longer the vogue it had acquired last year.

Draperies have reappeared, and are gracefully interlaced, almost always leaving part of

the underskirt visible, either in the middle of the front or on one side.

Plush is once more all the fashion. Nothing is prettier or more effective than a drapery of colored plush; it is far softer and brighter looking than velvet. It is also used for plain skirts, with draperies either of silk or of cashmere or some other fine woolen tissue. The colors most in vogue for plush are the warm, red tints of Spanish wines, silver-gray, dead-leaf shades of brown and yellow, with lights gleaming like liquid gold.

The following is a lovely white dress for a young lady of eighteen. The skirt is of white satin, trimmed with bands of light marabout feathers, which leave the satin visible at intervals only. On the right side a small panier of satin; on the left, a tunic lapel of satin and moiré striped pekin, finished with a border of marabout feathers. At the back the striped skirt falls loose, and on the right side is rounded off and fastened upon the hip. A large bow of white satin ribbon is placed upon the left side. Bodice of white satin slightly crossed and edged round the top with a thick tulle ruche. This extremely pretty dress may be rendered more simple by exchanging all the borders of marabout feathers for thick tulle ruche.

Simpler dresses for young ladies are made of white gauze, crape, or silk muslin. There are no flounces, but several skirts draped one over the other. The bodice is plaited over a low lining and finished with a tulle ruche; a wide sash of white or colored faille or moiré is fastened in long loops and ends either at the back or side. Short sleeves edged with ruches. This style of dress is more elegant when worn with a low corselet of colored velvet, moiré, or faille, while the upper part of the bodice forms a sort of plaited chemisette. Very light sprays of flowers are put on here and there over the skirt and upon the bodice. These flowers should be matched in color to the corselet.

Coiffures are still worn high in superposed curls or rouleaux, but a few curls are left to droop in the neck at the back for ball coiffures.

It is quite as important to choose the *fashion* of the dress, as well as its material, according to the diverse circumstances in which it is meant to be worn. For morning-costumes composed entirely of woolen fabrics, the most simple, least elaborate fashions should be chosen. For the costume of mixed woolen and silk tissues somewhat more complicated styles may be adopted; but rich trimmings and draperies,

embroidered borders and panels, for those toilets which are never worn for going out on foot.

The simple white collar is very frequently exchanged for one of velvet or satin embroidered with beads or ornamented with gold or silver braid, and we think it is a great pity. A lady never looks well and neatly dressed when she has no hint of spotlessly white underlinen about the neck and wrists. The almost imperceptible border of cream-colored woolen net or tulle tacked on round the inner edge of collar and wrists in no way compensates, in our eyes, for the neat, clean look of the white collar and cuffs. For the embroidered collars above mentioned glass beads of all colors are employed, metal beads of various kinds, including lead, and also wooden beads of all sizes.

Among the pretty fancy jewels of the season we must mention the ornamental safety-pins which are fastened here, there, and everywhere, for fixing bonnet-strings, bouquets on the bodice or sash, bows on the shoulders or at the waist, and so on. Some of the prettiest devices are—three bees, one or three *ladybirds*, a fly, a horse-shoe, a butterfly, etc., in gold and enamel, set with very small pearls and precious stones; a cat's eye often forms the centre of the pattern.

Besides the winter materials which have become quite classical, such as French or Indian cashmere, vigogne, serge, and lady's cloth, there are others, the success of which may not be as durable, but which please those who are ever eager for novelty. Such is a new style of thick velvety *diagonale*, which is used without being combined with any other material. The tissue meant for the polonaise or the draped tunic or upper skirt is finished with a fringe forming part of it. Above this fringe there is an open-work pattern, which is repeated in other parts of the materials, and can be used for trimming the bodice, sleeves, vests, or plastron, and so on.

Woolen guipure lace, brocaded in relief over some woolen or silk-colored ground, is also a very elegant material. Sometimes the pattern covers the whole of the material; in other cases it forms stripes looking like strips of insertion, while others have merely a lace border pattern along the selvedge. The material is shot of two shades of color, and under the lace pattern it makes a different shade from the rest. The effect of such lace patterns is much heightened by the help of a few steel, jet, or lead beads put on along the edge of the strips of insertion or borders.

THE RAMBLER.



SPEAKING of England and the English people brings to mind the pleasant prospect of the American Exhibition which will open in London on May 1st, 1886. Mr. John R. Whitely, Director-General of the Exhibition, addressed a meeting of the Philadelphia Board of Trade, in these memorable words, that deserve remembrance by all Americans, it being always a matter of congratulation to humanity that the bonds of union between great nations should be cemented by frankness and good-will. Mr. Whitely says:

"In 1883 I read a paragraph in the *New York Herald*, which stated that it was proposed

there should be held in 1886 an American Exhibition in London. My experience at great international exhibitions justified the conviction that such an exhibition would be popular. To show Americans they would be welcomed with real hospitality and friendship in this new departure in exhibitions, we communicated with the best representatives of the British public, and formed a Council of Welcome consisting of one thousand men distinguished in art, literature, science, manufacture, and commerce. You threw our tea-caddies overboard in Boston Harbor and declared your independence here in Philadelphia, because you had

been wronged by Englishmen at home, and now Englishmen wish to show you that they think you were wronged, and that they were emphatically wrong then, by now welcoming your peaceful invitation. * * * The Exhibition grounds are in direct communication with all parts of England, Scotland, and Wales. Within an hour's travel from the grounds reside ten million of people; a city into which one hundred and fifty thousand strangers enter daily. In the summer of 1886 a British Colonial and Indian Exhibition will be held within a few minutes' distance of the American Exhibition. The anniversary of the fiftieth year of Victoria's reign occurs on June 20th, 1886, and vast preparations are being made to celebrate the jubilee. A large number of rich native East Indians will visit London next year to do honor to the Empress of India and see what they can learn from the great pioneers of the West. * * * We desire," concludes Mr. Whitely, "that the United States be not the only English-speaking nation represented at London in '86, which would have been the case if the American Exhibition had not been initiated, and that Americans shall have a brotherly greeting and entertainment from Englishmen on this, the first exhibition held by Americans outside the limits of the national territory."

* *

International exhibitions are among the most potent influences in the onward march of progress. Minds are brought into *rapports* that otherwise would never touch, and a subtle change is wrought from end to end of the earth. Julia Ward Howe suggests, in her report upon the Women's Department of the New Orleans Exposition, that a Women's Industrial Council should be formed, in which every State and Territory be fully represented. Much of the work might be carried on by correspondence, exhibitions, and journals, and she mentions as questions to be treated the following:

How shall we best advance industrial education among women?

How shall we attain an adequate knowledge of the social wants for which it will pay to provide?

How can we bring into notice and demand the remote and hidden industries in many parts of our country, especially in mountainous regions and in the less frequented portions of the Southern States?

How can we obtain funds for carrying on such concerted action as would be necessary in view of such meetings and exhibits of women's industries as I have proposed above?

How guard against the abuse of funds obtained for this purpose?

What would be the advantage of exhibits like these over those commonly made in connection with State and county fairs?

How far are the Women's Exchanges throughout the country active in facilitating the extension and improvement of the industries of women?

* *

All over the world women appear in the

front rank among the workers, not in the old-time drudgery alone, but in every avenue that their talents or taste can point out to them. Queens on their thrones set a good example to their democratic sisters, and the Empress of Russia, in the midst of her own fears, devotes herself to numerous beneficent societies and charities, the patronage of which she inherited from the late Empress, and she brings to bear upon this errand of mercy a quickness of conception, energy of decision, and great kindness of heart. Although beset by fears, she ever forgets her own feelings in her thought for others, and the imperial household of Russia presents a bright example to their people of a high-souled sense of duty and a sincere family affection. Nor is she alone in brave and active sentiment for her fellow-beings and her country, for Queen Natalie, of Servia, having purchased forty American sewing-machines, employs seamstresses in her palace of Belgrade in making up garments for her troops fighting for the freedom of their country, having cut out such work with her own royal hands. Work has never rendered a queen less royal, but it has elevated many a commonplace life into a lever whereby the world is lifted.

* *

Comes to us over the wires the news of three Cuban ladies having opened in Havana a pharmacy, after a thorough study of the business in New York city. Here is a pleasant and vastly remunerative field opened to our young girls.

* *

The first woman ever entered in any department of Yale College outside the Art School was admitted to the Law School on October 1st, 1885. Honor is due the broad and liberal policy that has opened the doors of so venerable an institution as Yale to a member of the hitherto excluded sex.

* *

Certainly, great and broad avenues of work are opened out to the women of the present day. In Iowa is said to be nine hundred and fifty-five farms owned by women and of that number twenty are managed entirely by women and are successful dairy farms. There are also in this State five women lawyers and one hundred and twenty-two women physicians. Truly, it seems as though success to an enterprising woman held out golden dreams of fulfilled promise.

* *

Apropos of colleges, we note with great satisfaction the stringent action of the Board of Trustees of Princeton College, New Jersey, in the matter of "hazing." This is a step in the right direction. Such exhibitions of brutality and imbecility should no longer be allowed to sully the fair fame of institutions that are supposed to compose the very vanguard of modern civilization. Our good wishes follow them in their righteous work.

* *

The new anæsthetic, cocaine, is provoking considerable argument for and against its use,

physicians of high standing contending that it is hurtful in its ultimate action, while others, among whom are many of the best-known names in this country, as well as in Europe, almost proving that it is one of the most harmless of the class of remedies to which it belongs, although advising its application should be made under the supervision of a physician. Dr. Masselin, of St. Petersburg, gives an account of its great use in that most disagreeable of illnesses, seasickness. This will probably be hailed with delight by those long-suffering individuals to whom a sea voyage is a time of unmitigated torture.

* *

The powerful geni of science leaves no quarter of the world free from its research of knowledge in its adaptation to the benefit and use of humanity. The kingdom of the air, however, has been somewhat exempt from its piercing eye, if we except the invasion of some few presumptuous spirits, who, in many instances, were hurled from the dizzy heights they vain would penetrate and buried deep in the bosom of the sea or dashed to pieces on the inhospitable stones of the earth. But now, according to a paper recently read before the Military Service Institute, at Governor's Island, N. Y., upon "Dirigible Balloons for War Purposes," General Russell Thayer, of Philadelphia, says: "Fear of ridicule has prevented development of the science of aerial navigation, but that in the near future a controllable speed of twenty miles an hour will not be a strange development."

* *

The following clipping from the Philadelphia *Press* may prove of interest to those whose speculations were aroused by the red sunsets of the past two years: "Last January a prize of two hundred dollars in gold was offered by H. H. Warner, founder of the Warner Observatory, in Rochester, N. Y., for the best three-thousand-word essay on the red sunsets of 1883 and 1884. The contest closed on December 1st, and competitive essays have been sent in from the Fiji Islands, Australia, Sandwich Islands, Bohemia, Germany, Cape of Good Hope, England, Scotland, and the United States. The decision of the judges has not yet been made known, but Director Swift, of the Warner Observatory, says that the essays are of an extremely high character, and will be profoundly interesting to meteorologists and astronomers." Who can tell what new field these essays may open up for study?

* *

It is the fashion to expatiate on the achievements of ancient civilizations in their various monuments, buildings, etc., but their field of work was limited when compared with the vast breadth of continents and oceans spread out for the people of to-day, and over which they cast their network of railroads, their merchant service, their navies, and their canals. In importance, no work of ancient times rivaled the two great canals of this century—the Suez Canal, opening up the treasures of the Orient to the Western world, and the Nicaraguan, connecting the two great waters of the Atlantic and Pacific

Oceans. The Suez Canal is ninety-two feet wide and twenty-six feet deep. It employed capital to the amount of eighty-five million dollars and occupied thirteen years in construction. That of Nicaragua extends over a distance of one hundred and sixty-nine and one-eighth miles; but of this length, but thirty-nine miles is ditch-work, and the remaining one hundred and thirty-one miles will be on the navigable waters of Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan and San Francisco Rivers. Seven locks are required, having a distance of six hundred and fifty feet between the gates, with a breadth of sixty-five feet.

* *

The fact of four children being sent to Paris to be treated for hydrophobia by the celebrated M. Pasteur, will arouse universal interest. M. Pasteur's treatment is wholly unlike any other, inasmuch as the inoculation follows the poison, instead of preceding it, as in the case of smallpox. M. Pasteur claims that inoculation with the virus of rabies within thirty days after the person has been bitten, is a perfect preventive against fatal consequences. It is, therefore, an experiment of scientific, as well as of universal, interest, that is now to be tried upon these children, that they may escape, if so be their good fortune, the horrible disease of hydrophobia. But for those unfortunate ones who could not have such a treatment, we subjoin a recipe, given by a well-known citizen of Philadelphia. We quote from the *Evening Bulletin*, of that city: "Make a strong decoction of the root of elecampane boiled in milk, and taken on the first, third, and fifth days after being bitten." Coming from the source this does, and being a remedy within reach of every one, it would be well to give it a trial should occasion arise.

* *

The beautiful poem, "Somebody's Mother," that appeared in the last issue of the *HOME*, was printed originally in *Harper's Weekly*—one of the best edited and most attractive weekly journals that we know of. Proper credit, which should have been given when the poem was used, was overlooked; and we seek now by a larger advertisement of the fact to make good the injustice of using the Messrs. Harper's property without acknowledgment.

* *

If we may judge fairly by the activity of our club makers, and by the kindly letters of many valued friends, the *MAGAZINE'S* change of dress is warmly welcomed and the new garment recognized widely as fitting and very becoming.

The change was not made without careful thought, but in view of the fact that only one of the many monthly periodicals has retained a cover unchanged for so long a period as has the *HOME*, there seemed to be a necessity for the new cover and the other changes, if we would not have the old friend growing a little tiresome. Indeed, what friend might not reasonably be expected to make a change of dress, say once in a decade?

Here, we think, is a good reason for refurbishing up a bit and donning new clothes. If the finery is acceptable, we have cause to be much

pleased, and (in a whisper to the reader's ear) we are. Where is the editor who is proof against the delicate flattery evinced by cheerful renewals of annual subscriptions and hearty wishes for continued prosperity? We are not of such stoical mold as to wish to resist the pleasure such things give, and confess the enjoyment of such demonstrations and the hope that they may long continue.

Our readers will, we think, find that the promises made in the "prospectus" for 1886 are more than fulfilled, and that their favorite HOME MAGAZINE, while continuing its offices in all that it has been to them, will be a *leading* hand, helping each forward in a life of usefulness and of consequent happiness.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"RING-A-ROUND A-ROSY. A DOZEN LITTLE GIRLS." By Mary A. Lathbury. New York: R. Worthington, Lafayette Place. Quarto, price, \$2.00. This is a very handsome book for little girls. A number of taking rhymes of the ring-a-round-rosy order are illustrated in bright colors, and we rather think the publisher's claim, that the book is the best child's book of the year, is well founded. The outside cover is very taking, and no doubt the popularity of the book will bring well-deserved reward to all concerned in its production.

"WORTHINGTON'S ANNUAL." New York: R. Worthington, 770 Broadway. This is a picture-book for children. Royal 8vo, some 200 pp., and a series of "interesting stories, biographies, papers on natural history for the young." The book is quite all that is claimed for it, and is brimful of pictures, a number of them in colors. Exceedingly attractive to children, and useful as attractive.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE HOME MAGAZINE.

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FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1886:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' POLONAISE COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.
—This consists of a Ladies' polonaise and skirt. The polonaise pattern, which is No. 734 and costs 35 cents, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. The skirt pattern, which is No. 9867 and costs 25 cents, is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure.

Simplicity is a noticeable attraction of this handsome costume, which is here shown in plain silk united with novelty silk displaying velvet-bordered India stripes, the striped goods being used for the round, four-gored skirt. As the material is handsome and very decorative in itself, no garniture is applied to the skirt.

The polonaise has its fronts closing to a little below the waist-line with button-holes and buttons and then drawn apart with a stylish flare by deep plaits laid high up in the back edges, the fronts falling in handsome points a little below the knees. The adjustment is made by double bust darts, single under-arm darts and gracefully curved center and side-form seams; the seams terminating below the waist-line at the top of extra widths, which at the side-back seams are disposed in underfolded plaits. At the side edges plain silk and flowers, and has ties of ribbon.



the back-drapery is deeply hemmed and draped in two full loops, and the center extra width is draped in full bow fashion, a deep looping at each side completing the stylish *bouffant* effect. The back-drapery falls in deep, oval outline, and a plain finish is observable at all the edges. The coat sleeves have a band of the fancy stripe in the skirt material at the wrists, completing them with a cuff effect. The standing collar is overlaid with beaded net, and zouave jacket-fronts are simulated with the net, adding much to the elegance of the garment.

While rich textures have been selected for illustration in this instance, both patterns are equally suited to the least expensive fabrics; cashmeres, serges, flannels, cloths and dress goods of all seasonable varieties making up handsomely in this way. Corduroy, velvet, velveteen, and plush will often be used for skirts when polonaises of woolen goods are worn, and as often the skirt will be of the same material as the polonaise and trimmed with plaitings, ruffles, contrasting bands, rows of braid or velvet ribbon.

The bonnet is elaborately trimmed with the

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' POLONAISE COSTUME.



736

Front View.



745

Front View.



745

Back View.

GIRLS' JACKET.

No. 745.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 27 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.



736

Back View.

LADIES' JACKET.

No. 736.—Striped *frisé* coating was employed for this handsome garment, with braid and buttons for garnitures. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and will develop well in any seasonable variety of goods. For a lady of medium size, it needs $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard 48 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



742

Right Side-Front View.



747

CHILD'S CAP.

No. 747.—This pattern is in 4 sizes for children from 1 to 7 years of age. To make the cap for a child of 5 years, will require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of material 22 inches wide, or $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of ribbon. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 742.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $14\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. As represented, it requires $11\frac{1}{8}$ yards of one material and $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of contrasting goods, each 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



742

Left Side-Back View.



741

Front View.



723

Front View.



723

Back View.

LADIES' IMPROVED KNICKER-BOCKER DRAWERS.

No. 723.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, requires 2 yards of goods 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



741

Back View.

No. 741.—Velvet was selected for devised wrap, with beaded *appliqué* trims. A pretty wrap of suit goods *appliqués* of velvet shaped like those pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 able for either rich or inexpensive of medium size, will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, or $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard 64 inches

LADIES'

WRAP.

the present making of this stylishly and ostrich-feather trimming for decoration made up in this way had for decorations here pictured and fur bands. The to 46 inches, bust measure, and is suit-fabrics. To make the wrap for a lady of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



716

BOYS' DRESSING GOWN.

No. 716.—This garment is here shown made of cashmere, with facings of quilted satin, a fancy clasp and cord ornament for trimming. The pattern is in 5 sizes for boys from 8 to 16 years of age. For a boy of 12 years, it needs $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of goods 27 inches wide, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of quilted satin 20 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



744

Right Side-Front View.



744

Left Side-Back View.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 744.—The fashioning of this skirt is here brought forth by the combination of plain and fancy suit goods. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. Of one material for a lady of medium size, it needs $12\frac{3}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $6\frac{5}{8}$ yards 48 inches wide. As represented, it calls for 7 yards of plain fabric and $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of fancy goods 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



728

Front View.

738

Front View.

738

*Back View.***CHILD'S COAT.**

No. 738.—This stylish pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. To make the coat for a child of 4 years, will require 3 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

MISSSES' POINTED BASQUE.

No. 728.—This handsome dress-body is here pictured as made of Surah of a pale-blue tint, with cream lace and narrow satin ribbon for garnitures. The lower edge may be finished with a falling frill of lace, if such a finish be admired. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1 yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



728

Back View.

743

Front View.

743

*Back View.***CHILD'S COSTUME.**

No. 743.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. The costume for a child of 4 years, needs $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide, each with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for the waist. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**FIGURE No. 2.—GIRLS' COSTUME.**

FIGURE No. 2.—This illustrates Girls' costume No. 739. The material here pictured is fancy cloth, and velvet ribbon and buttons comprise the trimmings. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age, and makes up charmingly in a combination of fabrics. To make the costume of one material for a girl of 8 years, needs $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

The Publishers of the **HOME MAGAZINE** will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.



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"MEDEA."—Page 229.